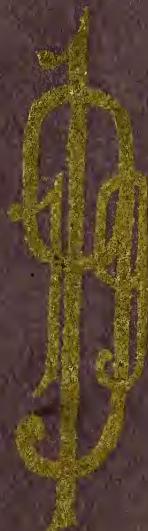




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*High School Annual
Published by the Senior Class*

DEDICATION

To our most highly esteemed Superintendent, who has stood for the right and in times of stress has so zealously guided us, till we have accomplished what we sought to do, we, the class of nineteen hundred and nineteen, dedicate *The B. H. S. Vim*, being the third Annual published by the Berne High School.



C. E. BECK, Superintendent
Instructor of Latin, U. S. History
and Expression

The Board of Education



DR. AMOS REUSSER
President



DR. RUFUS VON GUNTEN
Treasurer



T. A. GOTTSCHALK
Secretary

The Faculty



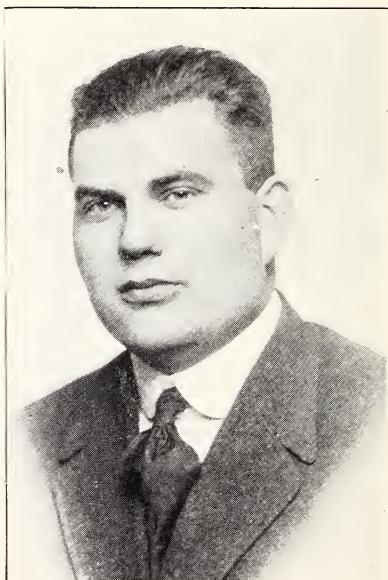
ALICE BLANCHE BASFORD, Principal
Instructor of English and Music



RHEBA F. NORRIS
Instructor of Domestic Science, History
and Art



HELEN LEILA SUMPTION, A. B.
Instructor of Mathematics and French



EZRA SNYDER
Instructor of Manual Training, Physics
and Geography

SENIORS

Editor

Class Colors

PURPLE AND GOLD

Class Flower

RED ROSE

Class Motto

EN AVANT

LEOTA E. SPRUNGER



"She was all sunshine, in her face,
The very soul of sweetness shone:
Fairest and gentlest of her race,

None like her we can call our own."
Arena; Vice-President Arena III; Class Vice-President III; Class President; Class Play IV.

A jolly, good-natured, genial girl. Everyone admires her sunny smile, (locks) and cheery face.



VICTOR F. BAGLEY

"I slept, and dreamt that life was Beauty.
I woke, and found that life is Duty."

Arena; Track Team, I, II, III, Track Captain IV;
Class Play IV.

Has all the desirable characteristics of a brilliant
student and a dependable class mate.



RUTH A. ROHRER

"Let me have boys about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed boys, and such as sleep o' nights."

Arena; Sec. and Treas. I; Class President III; Vim
Staff; Class Play IV.

Quiet as a mouse, but wait till the cat is gone!



LESLIE SPRUNGER

"I take it to be one of the principal rules of
life not to be addicted too much to one thing."
Arena; Pres. IV; Track Team III and IV; Cheer
Leader IV; Class Play III and IV.

When joy and duty clash,

Let duty go to smash.



ESTHER L. BINZ



"A beautiful and happy girl
With step as light as summer air,
Brimful of mischief, eyes glad with smiles,"
Arena; Class Sec. and Treas. IV; Class Play III
and IV.

One of the jolliest, all around girls in the class.
She has "pep" and knows how to make things go.



FRANK KUNTZ

"The world is full of care, much like a bubble,
Women and care, care and women,
And women and care and trouble."

Alpha; President IV; Class President I; Basket Ball
I, II, III, IV; Class Play IV.

"Kuntzie," "Coke," or "Frankie" is always ready
to be of service.



EDNA WINIFRED BRAUN

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies;
Like the dusk in the evening skies."

Alpha; Alpha Vice-Pres. III; Class Play IV.

Has never allowed pleasure to interfere with duty.



HOWARD M. LIECHTY

"We love him, praise him, just for this
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
He saw his fellow creature."

Alpha; Vim Staff; Class Play III and IV.
A booster and a worker, straight in every respect,
even in walking.



BEULAH E. BUYER



"Will live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to one particular man."
Arena; Vim Staff; Class Play IV.

A jolly, sympathetic chum, Oh!—Ah! Oh! Hen,
quit your teasing.



RALPH MARTZ

"The wise, the brave, the strong we know,
We mark them here or there,
But he—we roll our eyes and lo!
We find him every where."
Alpha; Class Play III and IV.
Busily engaged in getting prepared for the future.



FLORENCE ROHRER

"A jolly maiden she, and a lassie of better
heart we know none."
Alpha; Vim Staff; Class Play IV.

A ready smile, and a word for every one.



PAUL SPRUNGER

"He owns her logic of the heart,
And wisdoms of one—Riesen,
Supplying while he doubts and weighs
The needed word in season."
Arena; Class Play IV; Vim Staff.
Small of stature but great in mind.



MARIE HILTY

"Lover of all things alive;

Wonderer at all things she meets."

Arena; Class Play III and IV; Vim Staff.

Quiet and modest disposition; a student of high standard.



WILLARD S. HIRSCHY

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,

Or daughter for my mother;

Who loves you loses in that love,

All power to love another."

Arena; Sec. and Treas. IV; Basket Ball III and IV;
Track III and IV; Pres. of Athletic Association IV;
Class Play IV.

The smallest of the "Gold Dust Twins"; chief diversion is spinning his car.



SURILDA RIESEN

"The coarseness of a ruder time

Her finer mirth displaces

A subtler sense of pleasure fills

Each rustic sport she graces."

Alpha; Sec. and Treas. IV; Class Sec. and Treas. II;
Class Play IV.

Enjoys all sports, including teasing, except that one of being teased.



HAROLD L. REUSSER

"Give us the lad whose happy life

Is one perpetual grin,

He, Midas-like, turns all to gold."

Arena; Basket Ball IV; Track III and IV; Class Play III and IV.

"Rhody" is an all-around good scout, class humorist, kind-hearted like no other one in the class.



HELEN E. NICKEL



"A maid with a heart so light and free,
Brimming with mischief and frolic and glee."

Alpha; Alpha Pres. III; Class Sec. III; Staff Artist;
Class Play IV.

Helen's studious habits, quietness and modest manners are well worth copying. As class artist she has had few rivals.



H. ROLAND v. d. SMISSEN

"Get what you can, and what you get, hold."
Arena; Basket Ball Team II, III, IV; Track II, III;
Class Play IV.

The biggest of the "Gold Dust Twins;" always ready to go along.



LYDIA ELIZABETH LIECHTY

"—All the beauty of that place
Is in thy heart and on thy face,
The twilight of the trees and rocks,
Is in the light shade of thy locks."
Arena; Sec. and Treas. III; Vim Staff; Plays III and IV.

Her considerate friendliness has won many friends for her.



Senior Class History

In the fall of 1915, twenty-one verdant Freshmen entered the mathematics room. During the year two class members, Florence Smitley and Howard Gilliom left us. In the beginning of the year the Seniors deemed it advisable to initiate us into the mysteries of school life, and by doing so, established us as an essential addition to the Berne high.

Early in the year we elected Frank Kuntz, president; Lester Schug, vice-president; and Frank Miller, treasurer of our class. These three leaders pulled us through the entire year with very little difficulty. We left the school after nine months' of hard work with a fair addition to our knowledge.

The next fall we entered as Sophomores. We considered ourselves a very important part of the school since we were no longer Freshmen, and we were allowed to meet the rest of the school in the assembly room. During the year, Lester Schug and Palmer Wittwer left, and Howard Liechty entered in the beginning of the year. The class purchased its purple and gold pennants during the Sophomore year.

After our second vacation, we entered the school to get the third volume of our collection of knowledge. Two new members joined us, Edna Braun, who stayed out of school a year because of sickness, and Helen Nickel, who had spent a year at her home in Canada, after the death of her father. Near the end of the term John Schindler left the class and a little later, Frank Miller enlisted in the army.

We entered our Senior year with a final determination to uphold our record. Raleigh Sipe did not return to school, but we again received two new members, Beulah Buyer and Florence Rohrer. The fourth year was a year of hard work, since we had to make up several weeks lost, because of the "flu." In the early part of the year we bought our class rings and pins. On Friday evening, May 9, we delivered our class play, "The Spell of the Image." It was a definite success, as our four years' of high school have been.



THE 1919 CLASS AS FRESHMEN

Senior Class Prophecy

I had studied far into the night. At length I threw down my books and sat idly watching the fire cast its shadows upon the opposite wainscoting. As I gazed, the shadows became more and more realistic; in terror I watched one of them step from the wall and advance toward me.

"Fear me not," it said, "for I come to give you a glimpse of the future of the class of 1919."

I now perceived myself to be moving through space; far in the distance I already noticed a bright red glow. But as we drew nearer it took the form of a red brick building. We landed before it and with joy, I noticed, "Berne Schools," the letters studded with diamonds, which sparkled brightly against the fiery bricks.

"Do not tarry here," said the spirit, "before you lies the gateway to the future." From there I was conducted by the spirit up a winding stairway to a small, square office.

Before me sat a man who represented Father Time and was clothed in a dark mantle. But his habit of rubbing and smoothing his head, where brown hair had once been, disclosed his identity. It was with joy that I recognized him as our dear, old superintendent.

After a few words or greeting, he asked, "Whose future do you wish to know?"

"The future of the class of 1919," I answered.

He arose and conducted me into a large rectangular room, filled with chairs. Leading me down a long, narrow aisle, he seated me near the front. Upon looking around, I observed myself to be a silent spectator. Before me was a white screen and, as I watched, a scene appeared before me—a large up-to-date farm. Working in a nearby field, I recognized the form of Victor Bagley, now one of Indiana's scientific farmers.

As I watched the screen, the neighboring farm of Howard Liechty met my gaze. The most peculiar thing about this farm impressed itself on my mind—that he persisted in keeping rail fences in memory of his old school days.

Next a large western ranch was shown. In the distance, riding toward me at terrific speed, I recognized Beulah Buyer. Now having become a real western cow-girl, it seemed as though she was riding to acquire credits that she had never attained in old Berne high.

Next the scene changed, and before me appeared the second largest city in the United States. As the suburbs passed by in review, I saw one especially beautiful home. What impressed me most was its attractive "homely" appearance. As I looked, a young lady stepped out, and, as she approached, I finally recognized her as Ruth Rohrer, who was now the wife of a very prosperous mechanic in Chicago.

Another larger, more stately, brown stone mansion, I recognized as the widely pictured home of Chicago's most popular actress, Esther Binz.

The screen darkened momentarily and I feared that was to be all, but no, there were the old land marks of my own home town Berne—the cluster light in the middle of "the square." Here I saw the thriving business house, "Smissen & Sprunger," one furnishing the foundation, the other the upper story.

Scenes passed rapidly now—all unfamiliar until at last, at Toledo, Ohio, I observed Leslie Sprunger, a handsome gentleman of leisure in top coat, wearing a monocle, stepping from a train. It seemed that he had come to visit his old friend, Frank Kuntz, whom I saw in the Willys-Knight factory, engaged in "constructing" the men how to "instruct" the only car to fix itself.

Leslie also visited in this city, his old school mate, Surilda Riesen. She had now become a world-famous singer, causing whole audiences to burst into tears from the melancholy throb of her voice.

Again the screen darkened for a moment, only to burst forth in the blazing sunshine of a baseball field in New York City. Gaily dressed women and wildly gesticulating men moved about rapidly toward the bleachers, while out near the diamond, Manager Ralph Martz stood coaching his New York Giants.

In the city itself, I noticed a large crowd gathering. In its center, I observed Marie Hilty, an extreme suffragette, holding her audience spell-bound, while she expounded rare information to her feminine followers.

After this, the scenes changed from warm glowing New York, gradually assuming a more and more wintry tone as they advanced farther north. At last there was a pause before a Canadian school building and from the window showed the fair hair and blue eyes of Helen Nickel, one of the most highly salaried teachers of Canada, before her good-looking bunch of youngsters, for she had early in her career, refused to teach any other kind.

Directly after this in large letters appeared the following: "Montgomery, Ward & Co., Chicago." At the head of all the saleswomen, I saw Florence Rohrer trailing around in style, giving her orders. And here, also was Lydia Liechty, private secretary to the business manager and a very efficient one she seemed.

Across the street was the American Red Cross headquarters, in which I saw Edna Braun. Her diligence and ardor had obtained for her a position of high rank as one of the trusted leaders. Then followed the only college scene,—at Purdue,—where Harold Reusser was professor of oratory and expression, and the last scene brought me back to where I had started from—and showed Leota Sprunger as mistress of a beautiful country mansion on an extensive farm northeast of Berne.

I turned, as the light died out, to question the dear old superintendent Beck, but alas, he was gone and before me was only the dying embers of a low fire. I realized that I must have been dreaming, but so forcibly had the dream struck me that I can truthfully say that such will be the future of the class of nineteen hundred nineteen.

ORA McALHANY.

JUNIORS



Can he stand
another year?

The Junior Class

OFFICERS

President—Howard Gilliom

Vice-President—Wesley Lehman

Secretary-Treasurer—Arminda Hirschy

Motto

Do what's right, with all your might.

Class Colors

Green and Gold

Class Flower

Lily of the Valley

Class Roll

Eva Burkhalter

Howard Gilliom

Ora McAlhany

Earl Craig

Arminda Hirschy

Howard Michaud

Oral Davidson

Cora Habegger

Palmer Moser

Esther Eichenberger

Tilman Lehman

Alma Schindler

Menno Eicher

Walter Lehman

Herman Sprunger

Ilma Franz

Wesley Lehman

Magdalene Sprunger

William Stauffer

Class History

In the fall of 1916 there appeared in the mathematics room the most intelligent, good-looking, attractive Freshman class that ever occupied the seats of the Berne high school, with the odd number, thirty-one, nine girls and twenty-two boys.

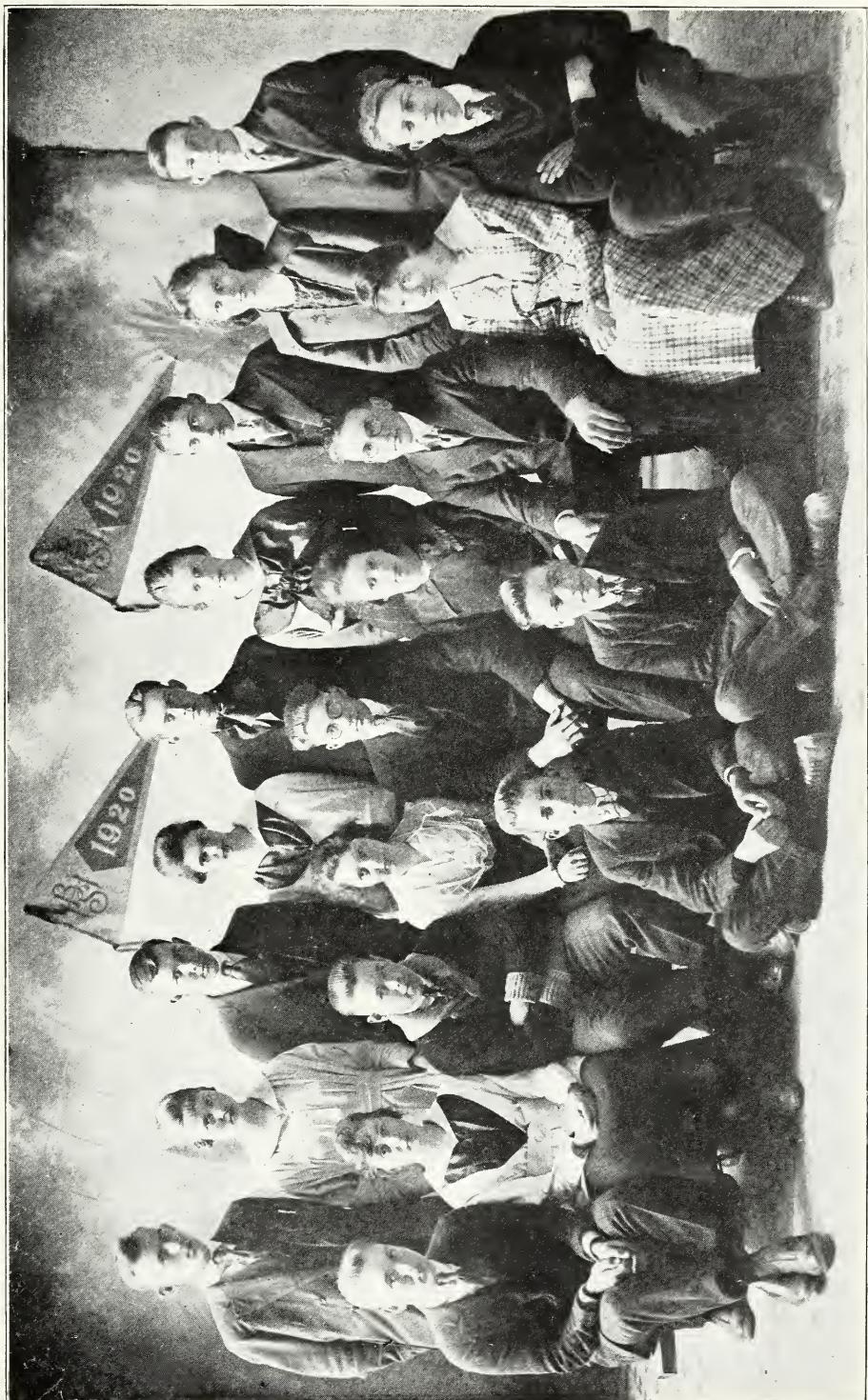
To prove my previous statement, even some of the Freshies drew attention from some of the dignified Seniors.

As Sophomores we were "live wires". We kept our teachers busy thinking out their carefully planned lectures which we at the least heard every week. If it should happen that some of us should become great orators, it certainly would not be a surprise whatever. We also had quite a number of parties which were all enjoyed immensely.

Then came our most prosperous year, the Junior year. As Juniors we again made use of our surplus energy by starting a "Junior News", which later turned out to be the "Budget".

In the Alpha and in the Arena societies we tried to carry our share of the work and responsibility. This is partially proved by the fact that both the Alphas and Arenas chose members out of our class as their society presidents. Furthermore, we hold offices such as vice-president, secretary-treasurer, etc., and the pianist of the Alpha society is also a member of our class. She has served as pianist all three years.

In athletics our class boys stand among the best. In basketball and track they have shown us their skill of which we as Juniors and students of the B. H. S. can be proud.



SOPHOMORES



The Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

President—Louise Hilty
Vice-President—Velma Schindler
Secretary-Treasurer—Helen Burdg

Motto

B sharp, B natural, but never B flat.

Class Colors

Maroon and Gold

Class Flowers

Gold and Crimson Tulips

Class Roll

Dessie Amstutz	Velma Schindler	Ernest Hiestand
Agnes Franz	Louise Hilty	Irene Schneck
Helen Gilliom	Edna Mettler	Katherine Schug
Anna Luginbil	Helen Burdg	Gertrude Sprunger
Emma Schug	Agnes Gilliom	Martin Zuercher
		Wildas Rawley

Class History

The class of '21 started in the Berne high school as Freshies, nineteen strong, on September 10, 1917. They were determined to become "somebody" in the world and to become famous.

Two weeks after school started, Erna Sprunger joined our class and three of our members, Ida Heuselman, Arthur Bohren and Walter Harris, dropped out, making our total at the end of the school year, seventeen.

There were three parties held. The girls took a hike to the river, and had a marshmallow roast here. The class was invited for a sleighing to the home of two classmates, Helen and Agnes Gilliom, where everyone had a good time. The last party was held at the home of Gertrude Sprunger, everyone enjoying themselves here.

On September ninth, nineteen hundred eighteen, the class of '21 again entered the portals of the Berne high school, only sixteen strong. Although small, we were determined to become the best class in the school. At this time we lost two members, Erna Sprunger and Maurice Hoover, but at the same time we gained two new ones, Viola Farlow and Velma Schindler.

After the first flu scare one new member was added, Edna Mettler. Shortly after, however, two members, Ralph Cole and Viola Farlow, dropped out, leaving our total at sixteen.

Two parties were held during this year. One at the home of Helen Burdg and a "Hard Time" party at the home of Gertrude Sprunger.

A. L. '21.



CLASS POEM

How well do we remember
One year ago last fall,
When eighteen, gay, GREEN Freshmen
Answered Education's call.

She led us with steps unwielding
Straight to the high school door
To work, struggle and labor
As the good old students of yore.

We spent our nights at study;
That our sad faces would tell,
Though most of us kept striving,
Yet some by the wayside fell.

This class contains much genius
Which is excelling all.
They're artists, readers, and musicians
And some star in basketball.

In two years we'll be Seniors;
Our high school career won.
Then they'll crown us with honors,
The class of '21.

—G. S.

SWEET SUMMER DAYS

Some days are long, some days are sweet,
But summer days can ne'er be beat;
Rejoice! for sweat drops big as plums
Are brought to us when summer comes.

Sometimes we have to work, of course,
Just as a donkey, mule, or horse;
But we can always run our best
When bumble-bees are stirred from rest.

How good it feels when work is done,
To rest and gaze the setting sun;
Each night we will have better rest,
Knowing that we have done our best.

It's sure a sight to see the snow
Of blooming trees fly to and fro;
No winter scene can match this sight,
That is, at least, if I am right.

What fun it is to wade the pool,
If you would not, you'd be a fool;
Or fish the brook with hook or net,
For great big fellows, oh! you bet.

FRESHMEN



All Freshmen look alike to us.



The Freshman Class

OFFICERS

President—Nelson Schug
Vice-President—Faye Foreman
Secretary—Eva Worline
Treasurer—Laura Reusser

Motto

They conquer who endeavor.

Class Colors

Maroon and Grey

Class Flower

Apple Blossom

Class Roll

Helen Atz	Ruth Liechty	Frieda Sprunger
Nora Bagley	Gladys Long	Ludella Stauffer
Dale Braun	Dennis Moser	Howard Stuckey
Faye Foreman	August Nagel	Gladys Marshall
Ida Graber	Emil Nagel	Luella McClain
Mary Ann Habegger	Laura Reusser	Earnest Zehr
Erna Hirschy	Margaret Rohrer	Leonard Whitehurst
Howard Lehman	Naomi Schindler	Eva Worline
Laura Lehman	Nelson Schug	Priscilla Stauffer
Carrol Liddy	Arvilla Sprunger	Alton Ray

Class History

It was in the dry fall of 1918 when a group of innocent Freshmen stepped out upon the threshold of high school world and with bows and smiles accepted their place as an essential part of the illustrious group already assembled.

An ordinary history, at best, is dry, but a history of the Freshman class is at least green if not fresh. Following is the chronicle:

The Freshman class was the largest class in high school, numbering thirty-one, but during the year two of our numbers dropped out. First and very important was the election of our officers. Later on, we chose our colors and our motto.

During the year several class parties were held. The first was the initiation party given by the Seniors. The others were held at the homes of Nelson Schug and Margaret Rohrer.

We also deserve some credit for helping to make the basket ball team what it was, as three of our boys, Nelson, Dennis and Leonard were on the squad. The class throughout the year has proven to have lots of "pep" and,



although there are nineteen girls vs. ten boys, we have been getting along wonderfully.

After surviving the hardships of the Freshman year, we are looking forward to a large and capable Sophomore class for next year.

CLASS POEM

Only Freshies is what they say,
But believe me, while you may,
We'd rather be Freshies,
With four years ahead,
Than dignified Seniors,
Just cramming our heads.

You may laugh and tease us now,
But some day you will wonder how
That the Freshie class with thirty-one
Could rise so high with battles won:
And won't we, too, be happy guys
When from the hall each Freshie flies?

Now, you know, we are so new,
But we'll be up, surprising you
Before you are aware, 'tis true,
One question only we have to ask,
How could we be Seniors
Without our Freshmen class?

LAURA LEHMAN.



ELIZABETH WORTH OF NORTH WARD SCHOOL

It was one of those warm, sunshiny, yet breezy days in September when the pupils of the North ward school entered the large assembly room, for another term of work and play.

Similar to previous years there were large numbers of Freshmen, the most charming, though not exactly beautiful, among them being Elizabeth Worth.

Though not as beautifully clad as many of the other high school girls, her low voice and cheerful, kind disposition won her a host of friends. Elizabeth was never heard to complain when things went wrong, always had her lessons, and when the girls of the school were engaged in some clean, healthy sport, she was right in with them.

Weeks and months passed on in the usual way, when one day every one noticed a change in Elizabeth. Although her expression was one of sadness, she kept on steadily at her work, and never failed to have a bright smile for all, but often during the day her friends felt that she was worried about something.

That evening after school Elizabeth's friends decided that unless she was her own self again the next morning they would find the cause of her sorrow, and, if it were at all possible they would try to cheer and help her. The next morning she seemed more worried, and moreover, she looked tired and her beautiful brown eyes seemed heavy for want to sleep. When her two most intimate friends, Annice Neilson and Elsie Carey saw Elizabeth, they went to her and told her to come to the library, where they could be alone, that she might tell them what her trouble was. At first she protested, but finally told them that her father was very sick.

Both the girls tried to comfort her and tell her that her father would soon be well under the care of a good physician. Every day they would ask how her father was, and as he never seemed to be any better, they concluded to visit him, being the father of their dearest friend, and bring him some flowers. So that evening after lessons had been hurried through, four cheerful, healthy-looking girls accompanied Elizabeth to her home, and in a basket they had a bouquet of the most beautiful roses. They soon reach-

ed the outskirts of the town where the houses were farther apart, and large green lawns surrounded by neat looking little homes. To a little white house with green blinds, Elizabeth took her friends. Though small, the house had a look of cheerfulness and spoke of "home."

At the door, the girls were greeted by Elizabeth's mother, a little woman, with a few hairs of gray, yet her face, if it had not had such a tired, worried look, caused by much toil, care and watching over the dear, sick father, it would have been much like that of a young girl. The girls at once noticed the resemblance between Elizabeth and her mother. Her welcome was a hearty one and the girls at once felt at home in the simple, yet neat little house.

They visited with Elizabeth's father and later in the evening went out for a walk in the little grove back of the house. As they were walking along, Elizabeth told them of her troubles and why she had been so worried. She told them her father and mother had been wealthy, and by some poor management of Mr. Worth's uncle, most of the money had been lost, then came this sickness of her father, and that he had lost his position, so that they were unable to have a physician for her father and that during all the sickness her little mother had nursed him, and outside of school hours, Elizabeth had done the other work. This was a great surprise to the girls, and Annice Neilson, who was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the city, said she would speak to her father about it.

At sunset the girls returned to the little home, where Elizabeth's mother gave them some delicious cakes, and after saying farewell to the sick father, the girls started for their homes in the city.

Some days later Mr. Neilson went to the home of Elizabeth Worth and to his great surprise found that Mr. Worth was an old school-mate of his, whom he had forgotten, on account of his interest in his business and large factories. He got one of the best physicians and a very capable nurse to look after Mr. Worth and made arrangements with him that as soon as his health permitted, he was to receive a position in one of Mr. Neilson's largest factories.

When Elizabeth heard this, she was very happy and Annice and Elizabeth became very dear friends, and not only was Annice fond of Elizabeth, but also Mr. Neilson, who through frequent visits to this home, had learned to love the girl and deemed himself very fortunate to have secured such a dear, sensible girl as a friend for his daughter.

—A. S. '22.

HER GREATEST BATTLE

It was a calm, quiet summer evening. Marjorie Talant sat on the grassy bank of the little lake on her father's farm, which now lay below her, bathed in soft, silvery moonlight. She had come here to her favorite spot to fight a battle—a mental one.

All around her the twilight had fallen. On the opposite shore, trees and shrubbery lay darkly outlined against the sky. Shafts of bright moonlight stole across the water to where a little boat lay anchored among the water-lilies. The scene, so familiar, was exceptionally beautiful tonight, but she had not noticed it, or given it a thought. Even the croak of the frog and the call of the whippoorwill failed to attract her attention.

For Marjorie was in trouble—yes even anxiety and grief. Great tears trickled slowly down her fair cheeks, and now and then a deep sigh, not unlike to a faint sob, escaped her lips.

A few hours before, her only brother, Clare, who was but two years older than herself, and who she thought the world of, had told her that he was going to enlist in the army if she agreed, and would promise to help her father with the farm during his absence. She had taken the news silently, but in her heart, the struggle had begun.

Ever since April, when war was declared, Marjorie had talked loyalty and patriotism, and had even won the prize essay in a contest on that subject, at the village high school. She was proud of every American who had responded to the call of Uncle Sam, but the thought of her own brother going, had not entered her mind. He was too young, too good, too necessary for their welfare and happiness. Yet father and mother had consented! How could they? Surely it was unwise! Secretly she wished they had not.

Thousands of other boys could be more easily spared than Clare Talant. He, with such a bright future before him. What hopes would be shattered if he could never return to do the things he was planning! What a noble citizen this country would lose, if he should fall!

Over and over, desperate thoughts flashed through her mind. He might die in a hospital, or be shot down in battle, or be taken to a German prison camp, or be among the missing when it was all over!

The great struggle might be all over in a year, and meanwhile he could stay at home, so that they would be able to do more financially. That was being loyal and patriotic too. Yes, when he asked again, she would say that she could not agree, and that his place was on the farm.

But deep down in her heart, she knew that the Talant family had more than money and time to offer. They had a brother and a son, who was willing, if necessary, to make the supreme sacrifice. If he was willing, **why** should she not be?

A mile away in the village, the band was playing "Star Spangled Banner." With uplifted head she listened. The strains had never seemed so sweet before. Clasping her trembling hands she murmured, "I **can** spare him for the sake of humanity, and for my country."

Suddenly she heard a noise back of her, and her name called. It was Clare, "What are you doing here so late?" he asked. "I was just thinking, and I guess I didn't realize how late it was getting," she answered smiling, as if nothing had happened.

On their way home he asked, "What about my enlisting, Sis?"

"Certainly," she replied, then after a pause, "My own brave soldier brother."

A year later a tall, handsome young officer and a slender girl again sat on the banks of the lake. He was telling her of France, and his greatest battle, in which he was wounded. She listened attentively, then after he was through, she said, "My greatest battle was fought right here."

"Here," he echoed.

"Yes, the night you told me you were going to enlist if I was willing."

Silence reigned for a little while, but he had understood.

Taking a little toil-worn hand in his, he whispered, "Sisters of America, God bless you."

—M. S. '20.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES

Muriel came into the house with a rush, slammed her books on the table and planted herself in an easy chair.

"I am late tonight," she said. "I stayed and finished my graduation essay. Feel sorta tired. What are we going to have for supper, mother?"

Mrs. Smith looked up from Bobby's stocking, which she was darning, and glanced at the clock. "My goodness," she exclaimed. "Half-past five and nothing started for supper! Well, well, what shall we have? We haven't time for anything elaborate, that is sure."

She went out into the kitchen and Muriel followed. Muriel began rummaging around in the bottom shelves of the kitchen cabinet.

"Here are some good ginger cookies," she said, pouncing upon a well-filled crock of ginger cookies; she sampled one. "Great," was her verdict. "Bake them this afternoon?"

"Yes, but I put a little too much baking powder into them."

Muriel was talking to herself. "Here we have nice baking powder, cookies, and buckwheat flour—Oh, I tell you! Let's have buckwheat pancakes."

"Muriel! Buckwheat cakes for supper? That's a breakfast, not a supper dish."

"Well, we don't care, let's have them just the same, you know Jack just loves buckwheat cakes."

So they got the mixture ready for pancakes. Soon the other members of the family came in for supper. Bobby ran in from outside and began to play with his fire engine. Edith, a thirteen-year-old girl, made her appearance, her arms laden with boxes of doll clothes, which she had been sewing at "the next door girl's house."

Muriel went into the library to call her father to supper. She found him bending over his desk writing rapidly. Mr. Smith was a learned man,

and a student. He had written two books on agriculture and he was now contemplating a third.

He abstractedly answered the call to supper and the family was already seated at the table when he came into the dining room.

"Buckwheat cakes! Whoop!" cried Edith; Bobby squealed.

"Children, be quiet," said Mrs. Smith.

Just then heavy steps were heard on the porch and in came Jack, the oldest son, who worked in the offices of Burns, Heck & Co., and whom should he have with him, but his employer, Mr. Burns.

"Hello everybody," cried Jack cheerily, leading Mr. Burns into the dining room. "I've brought company for supper. Mr. Burns missed his train, so I brought him along."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Smith, warmly, "I'm very glad to meet you, Jack speaks of you so often."

"Indeed," laughed Mr. Burns, seating himself between Bobby and Edith. He was quite a young man with a nice little twist to his mouth, which gave one the idea that he intended to enjoy life as much as he could. The senior Mr. Burns had died two years before, leaving to Jimmy Burns, Jr., a controlling interest in the business.

Steaming hot pancakes were set before him, something which he had not had since he was a little shaver. He certainly did relish them, for the way those pancakes disappeared from his plate was marvelous.

Muriel did not join in the general conversation, but confined herself to Bobby's wants. She was conscious of Mr. Burn's admiring glances. She had met him before and he had paid her marked attention. She set him up as a hero, but as entirely beyond her sphere. His world was widely different from hers. He was a millionaire now, since his father's death, and her father, while he was comfortably well off, was not rich. And here was James R. Burns, eating buckwheat pancakes and seeming actually to enjoy them. She had felt almost sick when she first saw him come in, and knew that all they had for supper was pancakes.

When Jimmy Burns took his leave that night, he told Mrs. Smith that he had never in his life enjoyed such a meal and that buckwheat cakes were his favorite dish.

Indeed, his appetite for buckwheat cakes seemed inordinate, judging by the frequency with which he applied for them in the months that followed, and to an impartial observer, it might have appeared that at least a part of his affection was being transferred to the cook.

One night, about six months later, Muriel went to the concert with Jimmy Burns. When she returned she went straight to her mother's room. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes radiant.

"Muriel, child, what is it?" said Mrs. Smith sitting up in bed.

Muriel sank upon her knees beside the bed. "Mother! Oh, mother," she whispered softly, "Jimmy said—he said, he wanted me to bake buckwheat pancakes for him."

—B. B., '19.

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE GARDEN

Myra Haines was standing in the doorway of her home. She had received news that her brother, Dick, was killed bravely fighting for his country in the war.

Tears streamed down her face as she gazed at the flowers which made her garden very beautiful. It seemed too terrible to believe; here in the sunshine, among the flowers, and yet it was on such a day as this her brother had lain down his life for his country.

The sound of a child sobbing broke in upon her musings. Someone else, too, was unhappy. Drying her cheeks she walked over to the little house across the garden. Myra, listening at the door, felt her throat hurting in sympathy. She hurriedly pulled back the latch and opened the door.

A little girl of six years lay sobbing in the chair. The sound of the opening door had startled her into silence, and she looked up wonderingly.

"Come and tell me all about it dear," said Myra. "I will show you my pretty flowers." Betty got up at once and followed her into the garden. Here Myra learned how that morning her new neighbor had passed away. With her own sorrow, she comforted little Betty, and took her back to the little house. She promised Betty she would come over the next day. "And then daddy will be home," she told Myra. She had heard that Betty's father, who was in France, was coming home.

Next morning when breakfast was over in the little house, Betty was out on the lawn patiently waiting for Myra. From a window Myra saw her waiting, and hurried out to meet her. They gathered some flowers in the garden for a bouquet, and as Myra left her she told her to come and see her again.

Betty took the flowers home and had the maid put them in a bowl of water for her. She helped Betty put them on the tea-table in the study, in readiness for her father, who was expected home that evening.

As her father listened to her tell about the pretty lady who had given her the flowers, he realized how lonely the child's life had been. He, too, had missed much of his life's happiness. His wife's delicate health had necessitated a very quiet life, and he longed to live and enjoy life.

All through the summer days, Myra supplied Betty with flowers, which filled the bowl on the table. She was glad that she could make this man forget his loneliness and make the child happy. She knew from Betty's talk that he was grateful, not less for the flowers than for her interest in his child.

One day Myra met a stranger, instead of Betty. She knew this must be Betty's father. With a smile, he introduced himself.

"Allow me to thank you, Miss——."

"Haines," said Myra.

"Thank you, I am going back to France today, and would like to beg a favor of you."

"Yes," she said, encouragingly.

"While I am away, will you let my little girl's visits to you continue?"

"Why certainly, I shall be delighted," said Myra.

"Thank you," he said, "I am very grateful for the kindness you have shown her."

Betty came running toward Myra and said, "I'm coming to play." She told her how her father used to romp and play with her. Myra felt sorry for the man whose pleasures had been taken from him.

The winter sped swiftly away. The flowers were in bloom again. Betty came running towards her one morning, her face full of happiness. "Guess who is coming today, Miss Haines." Myra made several guesses, but they were all wrong. Betty told her that her father was coming home. "I am so happy, Miss Haines. Are you?" "Yes, dear." Myra realized for the first time that she was as happy as Betty, for the return of Betty's father.

At last, in the evening he came. And he thanked Myra for taking care of Betty. Myra left for a few weeks' visit with a friend in the city. She thought Betty would not need her now.

Betty's father saw how his child missed Myra. Then the truth began to steal in his mind. Clearly she did not wish only to befriend his child, and her reason it was not difficult to guess. He recalled the look of happiness that shone on her face, when he thanked her. And for Betty's sake he must see her again.

Myra had just returned from her visit and was in her garden. When he called, she turned to him with a look of surprise.

Nervously he held out his hand. "My little girl is ill and wants you. You have made her love you." Color flooded her face as she answered: "I will come at once." He said, "Before we go to her, I must say what I ought, perhaps, but have left. Friendship is not enough, we must be more than friends. It is not Betty only that wants you, but I too." She hesitated, then gave him her hands.

"Then perhaps, I had better come," she said smiling. And soon after little Betty was playing in the garden again, and everybody was happy in the house across the garden.

—K. S., '21.

SELF-RELIANCE AND COMPENSATION

"Say, did you ever hear from that music printing house?" Ruth Sheldon, an impulsive, bright-eyed little brunette, turned inquiringly to her friend.

"Yes, here's the letter, and they sent manuscripts back as usual. This must be about the tenth time," answered Helen Roberts, a slender, blue-eyed, golden-haired girl of eighteen.

Ruth glanced rapidly over the letter. "You have talent, and we encourage you to keep on, but your compositions are not quite good enough yet," she read aloud.

"Too bad, girlie," she said, sympathetically. For a while, silence. Then Ruth spoke again.

"I got a letter from mother today. She wants me to come home tomorrow. Brother Ned will be home on a furlough, and Minnie will be there, too, so I think I'll go."

"I'm glad for you. I hope you'll have a good time," said Helen, looking soberly into space, for every time that Ruth mentioned home and mother, it always made her lonely.

But Ruth was too pleased to notice Helen's depression. She went to the piano, sang and played a few jolly little songs, and soon left.

Alone, Helen sat down at the stand and began writing notes on some blank music paper. After an hour of writing, she took it to the piano and played it through. It did not satisfy her, so she crumpled it up and went to bed.

Helen's childhood had not been a happy one. When a tiny baby, her mother died, and shortly after, her father followed. As there was no one to take the child, she was placed in an orphan asylum. As she grew up, she soon showed a passionate love for music. Every time she could go to a concert (which was not often), perfect delight held her. There was a piano at the home, and bye and bye she was allowed to take lessons. She seemed to have attained her heart's desire. Yet there was one thing she still wanted, and never could find till she came to Boston and met Ruth. Although as opposite in nature as in looks (Helen was quiet and rather reserved, while Ruth was open-hearted and impulsive), there was something that drew the two girls together in the strongest friendship.

So, financed by an old man, Mr. Birming, who had been struck by Helen's wonderful playing at the home, and who had just lost his own daughter, Helen came to Boston to make a name for herself under the guidance of a European musician, who was staying in America for a number of years.

The next morning Helen was up, bright and early. She spent the forenoon at work in her room. After dinner she helped Ruth pack her suitcase and went down to the station with her. Ruth, all aglow with good spirits, chatted joyfully, while Helen envied her chance to go home—a thing she could never do. As Ruth's train was called, the girls, although they did not expect to be separated more than two weeks, kissed each other goodbye, as if they would be apart for six months. With a last "be good to yourself" from Ruth and "have a good time" from Helen, they parted.

Helen went home immediately. After supper she wandered uneasily about her room. Outside, the rain beat on the window-panes in a dreary song. The departure of Ruth had brought to her very sharply the fact that she had no home. She felt as if she simply had to do something to relieve her pent-up longing. Finally she sat down at the desk and began writing music. She felt an inspiration that she had never had before. For a long time nothing was heard in the room but the rain-drops on the window. Then,

without even trying the result of her work, she rolled it up, sealed and addressed it, and went to bed.

Two weeks after, Ruth Sheldon returned. She was a little surprised at not meeting Helen at the train, for she had written her the exact time of her arrival. But, thinking that Helen had forgotten for some reason, she started out for the boarding house alone. Settled again in her room, and the signs of travel washed away, Ruth began to think of Helen again. She went to Helen's room, knocked and called her name, but no answer. She tried the door. It was open and she went in. There was no one there.

Ruth looked around amazed. The room did not seem familiar as it had before. Looking closer, she saw that the pieces on the piano were not Helen's. There was a strange hat on the bed. Dismayed, Ruth left the room, wondering where in the world Helen was.

She went to the land-lady and inquired after her friend.

"She left almost two weeks ago. No, she did not leave any address."

With a heavy heart, Ruth went to the musician, under whom Helen had been studying, but he could tell her nothing. Alarmed and disheartened, she gave up the search, as she did not know the address of Mr. Birming.

A week passed. Ruth was mechanically going about her studies, but her heart was not in her work. There was still no sign from Helen. One day a registered letter from a music house came for her, but all Ruth could do was to keep the letter and wait.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon Ruth was aroused from her book by a knock at the door. She opened it and saw—Helen. Two kisses resounded and Ruth drew Helen into the room with both hands.

"Where in the world have you been? What's the matter? Why didn't you tell me that you were going away?" Ruth's impulsive questions came so fast that Helen had no chance to answer them as they came.

"I'll tell you, if you'll only give me a chance." And Helen sat down on the bed, with her arm affectionately around Ruth's shoulders and told the story briefly—how Mr. Birming's weekly check was overdue and she saw an item in the paper telling of his tragic death, how she had been compelled to move to a poorer quarter of the city and go to work at seventy-five per day. But she did not tell Ruth of the three days when she dined on bread and water alone.

"You poor thing," said Ruth sympathetically. "Why didn't you tell me? I could have helped you."

"I didn't want to be helped," Helen answered simply. "I wanted to make my own way, and then come back and tell you."

"Say, here's a registered letter for you. It's been here some time, but I didn't know your address."

Helen, filled with curiosity, tore open the letter. A colored slip of paper fell out. She picked it up and looked at it. It was a check for two hundred dollars. In wonder and surprise she read the letter. Part of it was:

"We have great pleasure in sending you a check for your music of the 31st, and would be pleased to receive more." Helen looked up with shining eyes.

"Why is it, that good luck always comes when we are not looking for it, but never when we are honestly trying to find it? I had forgotten that piece entirely."

—E. E., '20.

THE PURPOSE OF AN EDUCATION

The purpose of an education is not the acquirement of certain knowledge. That is one mistake people are continually making. A young boy, who is in high school, came to his father for help in translating a sentence in Latin. The father shook his head and said: "It has been thirty years since I have read any Latin and I don't believe I can help you." The boy turned away and thought that his father's education was not worth much after all. His father, a college graduate, was unable to translate simple sentences in **preparatory Latin!**

Older people are no more reasonable than this boy. An old man said of his niece, "How is she going to make use of her algebra?" This same question was asked of every subject.

The trouble with such people is that they fail to realize what an education is for. The word education means "drawing out", but some think it means "pouring in". The object of an education is to make a better man or woman and to develop the mind in such a way that a person will mark his chances in whatever position he is placed.

What use will the niece make of algebra when she has finished school? She might select some employment where the use of mathematics is necessary. Maybe some people study algebra, Latin, or French to forget it, as other more pleasing matters take possession of their thoughts. A boy's father may have forgotten Latin, but yet he is a different man because of the study he put in it years ago.

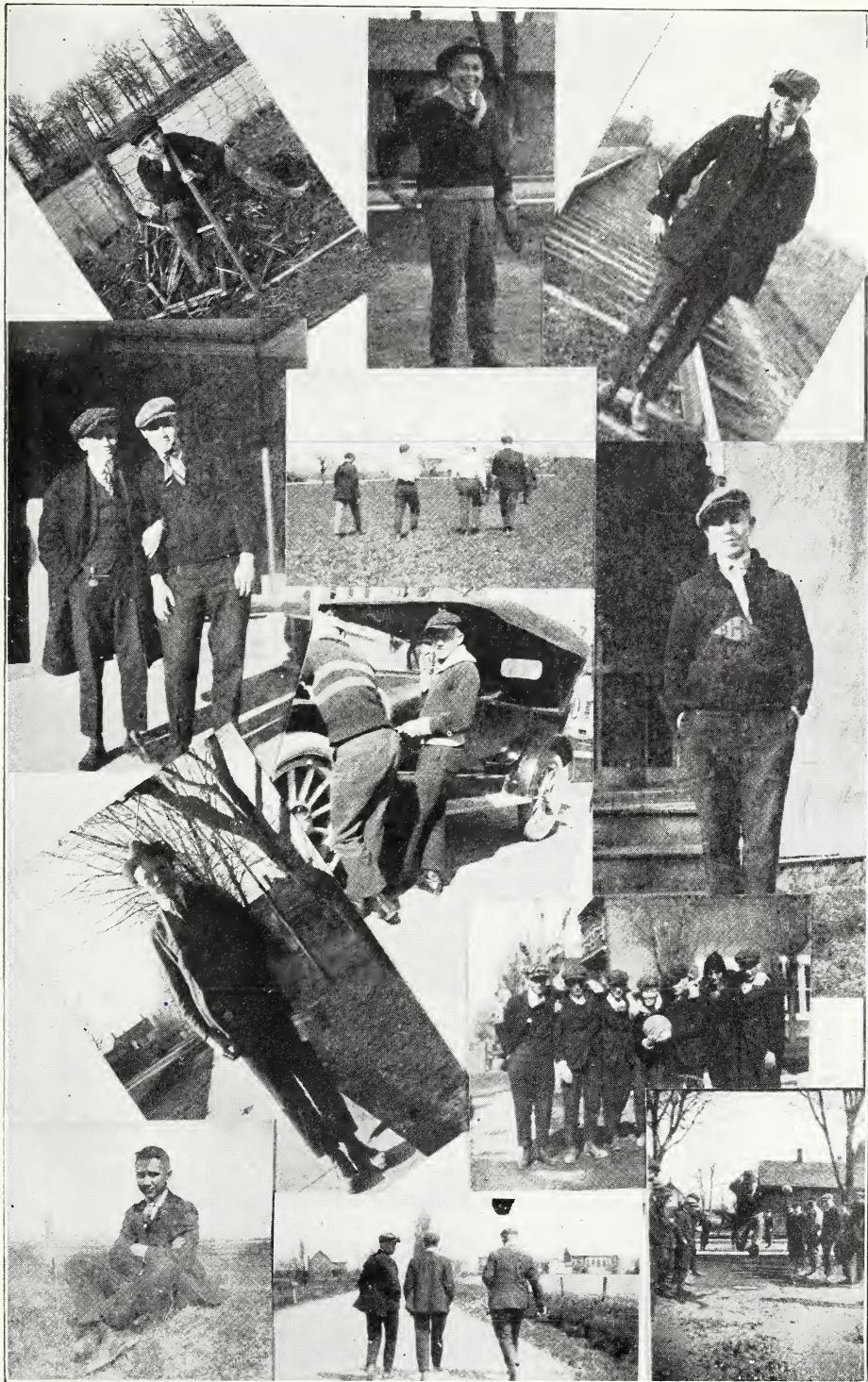
One may hate mathematics, but her dislike of algebra simply proves that her weakness is in that direction. The study of mathematics will help to correct that weakness. One does not have to become much of a mathematician, but he will make much more of a man or a woman out of himself.

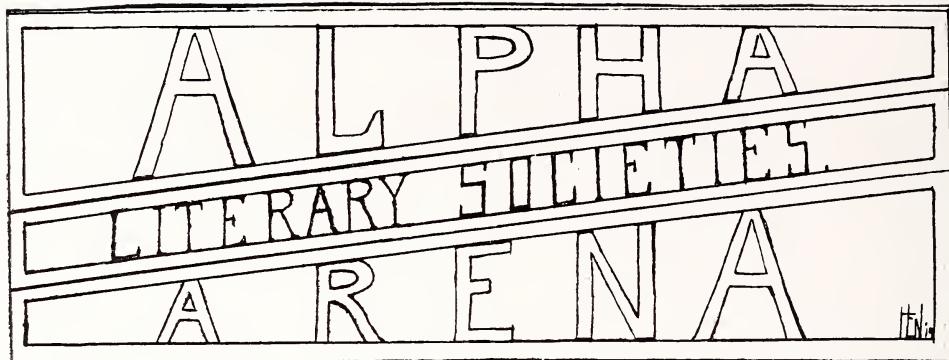
The end and aim of true education is self-development. Education is not to know certain things, but to be something.

—N. M. B. '22.



BUDGET STAFF 1918-1919





Alpha Literary Society

The Alpha literary programs this year were, as a whole, very good. They were generally instructive as well as entertaining and showed that the pupils had put preparation on their respective posts. The chief aim of this society is to keep up the literary spirit in our school. This society also gives the opportunity to a student to show his talents in oratory, debate, music and public speaking.

The Alphas are now, as always, living up to their motto of "Strive to Excel," and their extraordinary desirable pep and push has not diminished in the least. The Alpha spirit is unceasing and the society has developed wonderful debaters, musicians, orators, declamationists and school teachers. The Alphas can truly be proud of the fact that they are the one society which has a song, and one which so well brings out the spirit of the society. So here's to the Alphas, long live the Alphas, and their motto of "Strive to Excel."

ALPHA LITERARY SOCIETY SECOND SEMESTER OFFICERS

Howard Michaud	President
Ora MacAlhany	Vice-President
Ilma Franz	Secretary
Palmer Moser	Treasurer
Dale Braun	Sergeant
Esther Eichenberger	Pianist

ALPHA LITERARY SOCIETY FIRST SEMESTER OFFICERS

Frank Kuntz	President
Edna Winteregg	Vice-President
Surilda Riesen	Secretary
Howard Michaud	Treasurer
Leonard Whitehurst	Sergeant
Esther Eichenberger	Pianist



ALPHA OFFICERS, FIRST SEMESTER



ALPHA OFFICERS, SECOND SEMESTER

Arena Literary Society

Oh, the joy of realizing that you are an Arena!

When school resumed its session, after the holidays in 1918, the members of the Arena society were ushered into the mathematics room and the first thing we found to do was to elect officers. Our choice proclaimed the good sense of the society.

President—Leslie Sprunger

Vice President—Howard Gilliom

Secretary-Treasurer—Willard Hirsch

Sergeant—Tillman Lehman

The Arena society stands for thorough work and it is her aim to have every program contribute something to this end, both for the listener and the one who takes part, whether in essay, debate, reading, story, or extempore speech.

The papers given this year have admirably measured up to this standard. They have shown earnest, painstaking research and careful preparation. They have embodied a wide and comprehensive range of subjects and have been interesting and instructive to all.

The programs are enlivened by musical selections and choice readings, which in the past year have been especially strong and their high literary merit reflects credit upon officers and members alike. The Arena members are successful leaders in the school and out of school, because they learn to be thorough.

Through this writing the Arena greets her friends and alumni and invites them to visit the B. H. S. halls again. To prospective students, we extend a hearty and earnest invitation to visit the truest and best literary society at B. H. S. We assure you a fraternal welcome.

The following are the officers of the second semester:

President—Howard Gilliom

Vice-President—Herman Sprunger

Secretary-Treasurer—Edna Mettler

Sergeant—Mike Zuercher

Pianist—Leota Sprunger



ARENA OFFICERS, FIRST SEMESTER



ARENA OFFICERS, SECOND SEMESTER

ALPHA SONG

Come, fall in line to music fine,
Keep time with marching feet.
We'll march about and in and out,
And up and down the street,
While on the way the band will play,
Triumphant music meet,
For this, for this is Alphas' day.

A thousand strong we march along
In free and rhythmic gait;
Quite unsurpassed with mighty zest
Sing songs appropriate.
Throu'out the way your flags display,
Today we celebrate.
For this, for this is Alphas' day.

CHORUS:—

So let the drummer drum and let the trumpet sound,
We'll give a mighty cheer, boys, as we march around.
Let nine long cheers for Alpha thunder far away,
For this, for this, is Alphas' day.

ARENA SONG

(Written in 1911. Music by Mrs. Clayton Smith. Words by Rev. A. J. Neuenschwander.)

Hail to thee, good old Arena,
To thy sacred name we're true,
May this band all be defenders
Of our flag, the buff and blue.

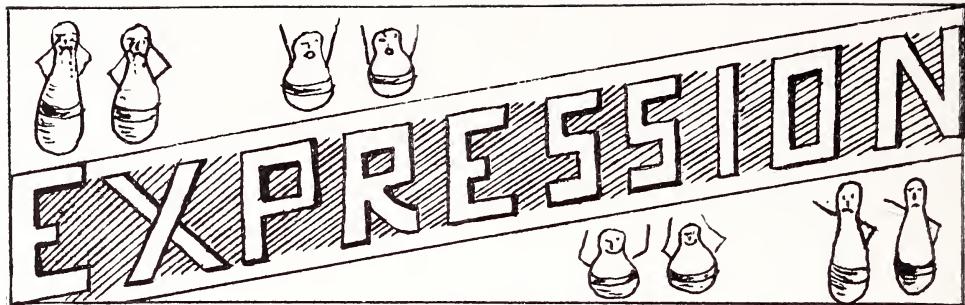
Let us hope that we Arenas
Never may in numbers wane,
But that we may all be helpers
High our standard to maintain.

We all strive to reach the highest
And exert our greatest skill,
That our star may shine the brightest,
In the realms of time to come.

CHORUS:—

Hail, Arena! Hail to thee!
Thine be honor, laud and praise,
For Excelsior is our motto,
And our flag is buff and blue.





EXPRESSION 1918-19.

The Expression class of the Berne high school 1918-19 gave the following three playlets, "Lottie Sees It Through", "A Perplexing Situation", and "How the Story Grew, on the evening of April 8, 1919, at the auditorium.

The cast of characters for "Lottie Sees It Through" were:

Miss Priscilla Long	Alma Schindler
Ebenezer Grant	Tilman Lehman
Lottie Gribble	Marie Hilty
Morris	Lydia Liechty
Ruth Thalby	Florence Rohrer
Lieutenant Dean	Ora McAlhany
Eugene Beckwith	Earl Craig

The cast of characters for "A Perplexing Situation":

Mr. Middleton	Roland v. d. Smissen
Mrs. Middleton	Beulah Buyer
Tom Middleton	Earl Craig
Jessie Middleton	Florence Rohrer
Sue Middleton	Surilda Riesen
Lucy Fair	Esther Binz
Maud	Marie Hilty
Mrs. Nosie	Cora Habegger
Alex Wilson	Howard Liechty
Mary	Lydia Liechty
Fritz	Willard Hirschy
Uncle Epitimus	Harold Reusser
Health Officer	Leslie Sprunger

The cast of characters for "How the Story Grew":

Mrs. Brown	Florence Rohrer
Mrs. Green	Cora Habegger
Mrs. Bean	Esther Binz
Mrs. Rice	Lydia Liechty
Mrs. Dolittle	Surilda Riesen

Mrs. Snow	Beulah Buyer
Mrs. Taylor	Alma Schindler
Mrs. White	Marie Hiltz

The Expression class was very much pleased to find a crowded house. The receipts are to be used for the benefit of the library.

The Expression class is very busy practicing one more play: "Daddy", to be given Friday evening, May 16, 1919. The cast of characters for "Daddy" are:

Mr. Wrexson Brown	Mr. Beck
Teddy Brown	Howard Gilliom
Paul Chester	Earl Craig
Thompson	Tilman Lehman
Mrs. Wrexson Brown	Cora Habegger
Nellie Brown	Surilda Riesen
Mrs. Chester	Alma Schindler
Jane	Marie Hiltz

We advise the Juniors and Seniors of next year to all take Expression. A special call is out for the boys. This year, our class did not have a single boy, this being a handicap in presenting our plays; we drafted the boys into our plays. Very much more interest is shown if both sexes are represented in the class. Expression not only develops our voice and adds grace in movement, but it teaches us to see the beauty in music, art and literature.

We also advise you, the future Juniors and Seniors, to take expression because we have a teacher who thoroughly understands the art of stage coaching. School talent leads to cooperation between the school and community, between the school and town, and will result in success in both.

F. ROHRER.

Senior Class Play

"The Spell of the Image."

If you were at all romantic or in the least fond of thrills, you found yourself pleased beyond any conceivable measure by the Senior class play, "The Spell of the Image."

Phyllis Castleman, on the evening of her betrothal to Lord Burleigh, escapes her guests and gives her former lover an audience, but also tells him that she is through with love. The prophecy of a passing gypsy, maddens Phyllis; the mocking eyes of the image cast their spell upon her. She tears the pearls from off her neck and hides them in the image.

More than a century passes. Finally the two daughters, Phyllis and Katherine Alderich, decided to make their own way, much to their aristocratic aunt's disgust. Phyllis is a young woman of modern tendencies, as is her friend Carolyn—and she rejects the love of a wealthy young fellow,

because he does not measure up to her standard of a man. Goaded by her disappointment in him, Dunbar assumes control of one of his properties—a newspaper—upon which Phyllis works as a reporter and from the first, opposes Henry Carter, who is the city's most influential citizen. By political corruption, Carter tries to buy the Clarion, but is found out; he is the guilty person and is forced to meet the Clarion's demands.

Belinda, the clumsy maid of the family, upsets the image and the pearls fall out from their hiding place. "Phyl" sells them and with her proceeds, buys half the Clarion. Her love for "Mac" is renewed, and he knowing that he has vowed never again to speak of love, she turns the table by asking him to marry her. The romantic love story of Terrence and Kitty, the affair of John and Carolyn, form the sub-plots of the play.

THE CAST

Prologue.

The Host	Leslie Sprunger
Phyllis Castleman	Marie Hilty
Lord Burleigh	Frank Kuntz
A Serving Maid	Edna Braun
Rupert Huntley	Ralph Martz
A Gipsy	Surilda Riesen

THE PLAY

Kitty Aldrich—Secretly Romantic	Esther Binz
Belinda—A Maid, Also Romantic	Ruth Rohrer
Mrs. Breckenbridge—An Aunt on the Castleman Side	Helen Nickel
Phyllis Castleman Aldrich—Of Modern Tendencies	Lydia Liechty
Carolyn Alexander—Her Closest Friend	Berlah Buyer
MacDonald Dunbar—A Young Millionaire	Howard Liechty
John Harlan—His Friend and Lawyer	Leslie Sprunger
Mrs. Van Alstyne—An Aunt of the Aldrich Side	Leota Sprunger
Terrence Donovan—Adventure	Harold Reusser
Ted—An Office Boy	Paul Sprunger
Lester Ross—Managing Editor of the Clarion	Willard Hirsch
Fredericka Farr—A Reporter	Florence Rohrer
Burton Mathews—Business and Advertising Manager of the Clarion	Victor Bagley
Henry Carter—Political Candidate	Roland van der Smissen

Perhaps no one who saw the class play thought for a moment of anything but the story, the acting, the gay costumes and scenes. But, like everything else, the class play has two sides—the different teachers that helped us get ready on the night of the play; we want to thank them, and also the men who kindly furnished us the necessary fixtures.

The wardrobe mistress, Mrs. Beck, had a heavy enough burden on her shoulders, for the actors had to be properly costumed, and all these various articles of clothing, had to be looked over, before they could be brought

into existence. And then there is the prompter. Can you imagine what it is to come to the rehearsals, so that if anyone should forget, you should be there to prompt? Can you imagine what it means to follow those familiar lines and always be ready when some one else fails? This is what the prompter does, and Mrs. Beck is unexcelled in this line.

Now, as to the most powerful force of that "other side," we mention Mr. Beck. From the first time the cast received their books till the curtains fell "that night," he was there—always helping, suggesting, bettering the parts and making the characters see their parts. He made the class play possible, and his work should not be easily forgotten. Not only at every rehearsal, but between times, he was doing work to forward the play....or helping with individual suggestions, putting forth all his spare time at the disposal of the cast.

BEULAH BUYER.

FAIR BERNE HIGH

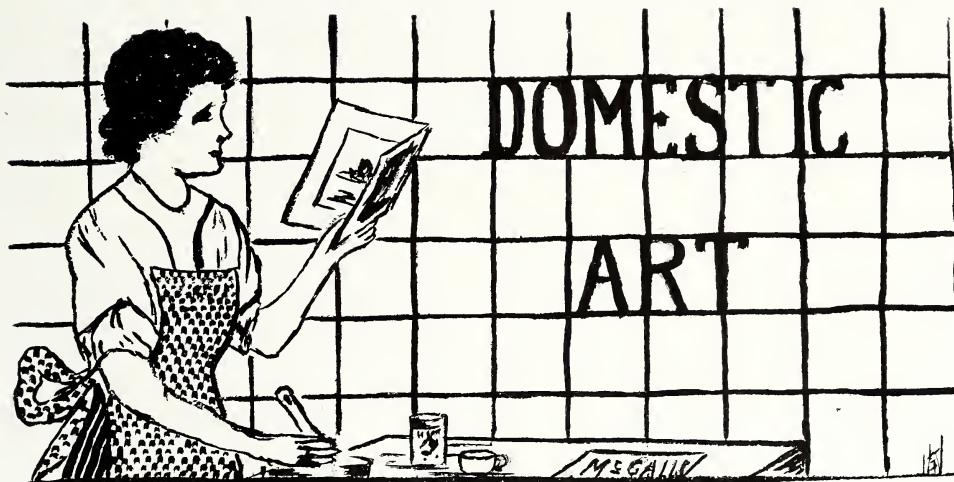
(Class Poem)

Fair Berne High, our class to thy jubilee throng,
And reluctantly surrender thee o'er
With all the regrets, from our class that is past.
To the class that is waiting before,
Oh! the fun and abundance of study and song,
That will long keep thy memory warm;
Oh, the kind, helpful faculty, forgotten ne'er more,
That guided through change and through storm.

To thy walls we came when more verdant than now,
From the homes of our former years.
Here as Freshmen, then Sophomores and Juniors we stood,
And now Seniors with Senior fears,
Then thou did'st here hold us, and teach us aright,
And well were we guided by thee,
Till loaded with friendships, ambitions and hopes,
Thou now sendest us into life's sea.

When, as Alumni, we come to re-visit thy halls,
To re-echo thy seasons of mirth,
Thy walls will be more soothing, thy memory more dear,
As we gather from all o'er the earth,
For all that we learned, the good and the great,
For the hope and the courage and cheer,
For the faculty, students, books and the grades,
We will offer our thanks every year.





Here's to them!—the cooks. Here's to us!—the dress-makers.

Domestic art includes cooking and sewing, as a science and as an art; home economics stands for the ideal home today and upon the sanctity of the home rests the strength of American Democracy.

The fundamental thought emphasized throughout these courses has been to regard home-making as a pleasant profession and not as a burden.

"There is no noble life without a noble aim."

The course in sewing and cooking is one year each, and is offered to all girls of the high school. We feel grateful to those who were instrumental in introducing this work into our school. But always we will remember our dear teacher who earnestly and patiently worked with us untiringly. We indeed can well feel proud of ourselves and our work this past year, for we have shown our ability in sewing,—especially the group of girls in a corner of the sewing room who took up their sewing with some thought of the future.

The Senior girls have arrived at the sensible conclusion to adopt a simple and inexpensive organdie dress for commencement wear. This plan will be helpful in reducing the girls' commencement expenses.

The sewing classes of the seventh and eighth grades and high school held an exhibit in the Berne Witness building from April 23rd to 25th. We received great praise from the hundreds who viewed and inspected our needle-work, which was worthy of all praise.

E. W. B., '19.

MANUAL TRAINING

The manual training department has been doing exceptionally well this year. Considering the disadvantages, Mr. Snyder has done well in training the boys to learn the carpenter and cabinet making trade. Four boys went to work and built a row-boat. Among the other things the boys made this year were: hall trees, wall mirrors, porch swings, center tables, writing desks, tool boxes and pedestals. The boys surely should be complimented on their work, and also Mr. Snyder who has done a great deal in training the boys.

Berne High School Vim Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Roland van der Smissen
Associate Editor	Ruth Rohrer
Literary Editor	Marie Hilty
Alpha Literary Society	Surilda Riesen
Arena Literary Society	Beulah Buyer
Class Reporter	Lydia Liechty
Alumni Reporter	Paul Sprunger
Jokes	Harold Reusser
Athletics	Frank Kuntz
Staff Artist	Helen Nickel
Business Manager	Willard Hirsch
Advertising Manager	Leslie Sprunger
Circulation Manager	Howard Liechty

Editorial

It seems that when students pass from the grades to the high school, the parents lose interest in the educational advancement of their children. At least very few of the parents ever come and visit the school. Some of the students seem to think it babyish to have their fathers and mothers come to see them at work in school. Neither the students nor the parents seem to realize that it is only through the hearty cooperation of the parents and the faculty that the needs of the children can be looked after.

Some people think that Berne is too small a town to have a recreation center, and that in a small town like Berne, it would be a detriment, rather than an institution for the uplift of the morals of the young people. Berne is not too small to have an institution of this kind. The only time a town would be too small for a center of organized recreation would be when the town was so small that there were no young people in it. But the one main reason why we need a center of this kind is this: the boys will find recreation of some kind; they must, and it is something that every human boy will seek. Then, why not give the boys a place where they can get recreation under organized supervision? Stop to think a moment. You know the boys of Berne get recreation. You know how they get it. Is it right that boys of all ages, between 6 and 25 meet at the same place and at the same time with no one to take charge of things, and the older fellows use all the cuss words they can think of, regardless of small boys that are sure to be there. Are we to blame if some innocent child has his leg broken, merely because some out-of-school fellow doesn't watch his business? Is this an excuse that we should not have a recreation center? No, it is merely another step towards opening our eyes to see the need of an institution of this kind.



P.S. '19.



THE JOKE EDITOR

Jokes

Entanglements

"How did you get your mustache in this condition?" asked the barber.
"Guess I'll have to take it off."

Heine: "All right, I tried to steal a kiss from a girl who was chewing gum."

Teacher: "What is the difference between 'warp' and 'woof'?"

Freshie: (Who once saw a company drill), "When the line warps the lieutenant woofs."

Evolution

Soph.: "Please, sir, I did not hear the question?"

Junior: "Whacha say?"

Senior: "Huh?"

A. J. W.: "What part of the body is the scrimmage?"

Mr. Bug: "The what?"

A. J. W.: "I saw in an account of a football game that some one was hurt in the scrimmage."

Prof. de Wagenare, (roaring with rage): "Who told you to put that paper on the wall?"

Decorator: "Your wife."

Prof. (subsiding): "Pretty, isn't it?"

French teacher: "Russel, can you say 'head' in French?"
Russel: "Si la cocanut."

"Well, how are gettin' along wid youah 'rithmetic, son?"
"Well, I learned to add up de oughts but de figgers boddar me."

Mamma's boy: "Charles, you seem to have a hard time getting your whiskers to grow."

"Yes I do; I can't understand it, my father has plenty of them."
"Well, now, maybe you take after your mother."

Teacher: "Harry, use 'notwithstanding' in a sentence."

Harry: "My father wore a hole in his trousers, but notwithstanding."

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's sphoke in Irish."

"How is the pig, Pat?"

"Faith an' he's a great glutton."

"How's that?"

"Be jabbers he drank two pails full of milk, and when I put the little rascal in the pail he didn't half fill it."

"Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a hen up there instead of a rooster?" asked one Irishman of another, pointing to the weather vane on a barn.

"An' sure," replied Pat, "that's aisy enough; don't you see, it would be inconvenient to go for the eggs."

Two Irishmen had been fighting the mosquitoes in a New York tenement house. About two o'clock they finally got to sleep. While in a half-dozen a lightning bug came flying into the room.

"Jamie, Jamie, its no use," exclaimed Pat. "Here's one of the creatures sarchin' for us with a lantern!"

Dissection in a Meat Market

Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. William's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John (briskly): "All right, sir; just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

Change in Diet

"What are we going to have for breakfast?"
"Hash."

"I thought it was about time; we haven't had any since last night."

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill mountain?"

"No, sah, I've seen 'em kill mice."

His Choice

Judge to Fred S. C. (up for speeding): "Take your choice—fifty dollars or thirty days."

Fred: "I'll take the money, judge."

Bad News

In a small village in Ireland, the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had bad news.

"Shure, I have," she said, "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the war office?"

"No," said she, "I received word from Pat himself."

The priest looked perplexed and said, "But how is that?"

"Shure," she said, "here is the letter, read it yourself."

The letter said: "Dear Mother:—I am now in the Holy Land."





Class Will

We, the Senior class of the Berne high school, Town of Berne, County of Adams, State of Indiana being of clear minds and full of love for our fellow men, make known and publish this as our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I.

Item.—We, the class of 1919, give and bequeath all the hardships, tortures, sleepless nights, uncontrollable tempers, ambitions, D. T's., nervousness etc etc., plus the financial distress caused by publishing this Annual, to the class of 1920.

Item.—We, the Senior boys, give the honor of giving the Senior girls a "banquet," to some of the Junior boys who are so much more capable.

Item.—Unto the Grafonola we, the Senior class, give and bequeath all the heartfelt sympathies left after we are absent, (one from another).

ARTICLE II.

Item.—Unto the faculty we give thanks for all the troubles and hardships they went through for us and also with us.

Item.—To Mr. Beck we tender our thanks for the knowledge received in social psychology and dramatics.

Item.—To Miss Norris do we give all our interests in the People's restaurant and the privilege of having it all to herself.

Item.—To Miss Sumption we, the Trig. section, give and bequeath our text books, arcascopes, hard feelings, our sleepless nights of study, (?), and thanks for her patience with us.

Item.—To Miss Basford we dedicate our democratic and self-reliant attitude.

Item.—To Mr. Snyder we leave all the physics equipment, to be used for his own private pleasure.

ARTICLE III.

Item.—I, Victor Bagley, bequeath my knowledge as a student and scientific farmer to my highly esteemed cousin, Menno Eicher, and to be used by Menno, only.

Item.—I, Esther Binz, solemnly bequeath my fellows, (past and to be), to Eva Burkhalter.

Item.—I, Beulah Buyer, bequeath my pleasant and friendly attitude to Mike Zuercher.

Item.—I, Edna Braun, bequeath my studious nature to Helen Burdg.

Item.—I, Marie Hilty, bequeath my knowledge of hat and dress making to Helen Atz.

Item.—I, Willard Hirschy, tender my future happiness to Myrtle Buyer.

Item.—I, Frank Kuntz, bequeath my 250-H. P. aeroplane, in which I am going to fly over Berne, to Ernest Zehr.

Item.—I, Howard Liechty, do give and bequeath my skill of hiding in fence corners to any one who may want it.

Item.—I, Lydia Liechty, give and bequeath my yellow pencil to Alton Ray.

Item.—I, Ralph Martz, give and bequeath my talent of losing credits to Nelson Schug.

Item.—I, Helen Nickel, give and bequeath my only Nickel to Harold Reusser.

Item.—Unto Dessie Amstutz, I, Surilda Riesen, give gladly my superfluous weight.

Item.—I, Florence Rohrer, bequeath my art of rapid learning to Alma Schindler.

Item.—I, Harold Reusser, do give and bequeath a Nickel to anyone who can beat me to Canada to get it.

Item.—I, Ruth Rohrer, give and bequeath my position as class poetess to Esther Eichenberger.

Item.—I, Leota Sprunger, give and bequeath my interests in the Annual to the winds of heaven.

Item.—I, Leslie Sprunger, give and bequeath the 6 x 6 wad of gum under my seat to the Freshmen girls, only.

Item.—I, Paul Sprunger, give and bequeath my pennies to the Sunday school.

Item.—I, Roland van der Smissen, bequeath my monstrous voice to Dennis Moser.

In testimony whereof, we have set our hands to this, our last will and testament at Berne, Indiana, this 21st day of May, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Nineteen.

CLASS OF 1919.

The foregoing instrument was signed by said Class of 1919 in our presence and by them published and declared as and for their last will and testament, and at their request and in their presence, and in each other's presence we hereunto subscribe our names as attesting witnesses at Berne, Indiana, this 21st day of May, 1919.

WILLIAM STAUFFER, '20.
TILMAN LEHMAN, '20.

Of the law firm of Stauffer & Lehman.



Athletics

For the last two years, athletics in Berne high school have not been what they might have been. The facilities for organized basket-ball and track have been somewhat weak. This, however, we are glad to say, was not due to lack of spirit among the fellows and we did our best under disadvantages. Not much was done in outside work this year because the season was cut short by the "flu" vacation. However, we were still determined to make something of a good name for the school. We had no floor to practice on, but nevertheless, we accepted the challenges of various neighboring schools and the team deserves much credit for the clean game they played each time.

Three games were played on the outside court, one with the Alumni, one with Geneva and one with Monroe, all of which were lost, due, perhaps, to little practice and also because the real varsity had at that time not been entirely selected. With the season for out-door basket-ball ending, the thing was put out of our minds for a while, because we had no floor to practice on. But in January the Linn Grove team challenged our first and second team. We accepted, and the second team won, but the first lost by a very narrow margin. This started things again and Geneva and Monroe also shot our their challenges and wanted to win "a little practice game" off of Berne. But the team accepted them all, and a number of times came out with the long end of the score to Berne's credit.

At the county tournament, we competed in the semi-finals. The first game was played with Linn Grove, and Berne took the walk-a-away. In the

semi-finals, Berne had to buck up against the "supposedly strong team" from Decatur. This was by far the best game of the tournament. The lack of continual practice was telling on Berne and in the last few minutes of the game, Decatur pulled a few scores to their ad, and the score stood 33 to 29 in favor of Decatur. It was in this game that Vandy got the honored position of center on the all-star team of Adams county. The district tournament at Huntington closed the basket-ball season.

No track meets were held this spring, but Berne High can be proud of some of the track material it possesses and it is still good for the years to come.

As a general review, not much can be said about the large amount of basket-ball and track victories or even of the large number of games played. But we are proud of the clean sportsmanship that the school showed, and the way the team played. This will go a long way in shortening the distance between the preceding facilities for athletics in Berne High, and the ones that are to come.

The need for strongly organized athletics in Berne is very great, and if the fellows of the next few years keep up the clean standard and reputation for which Berne High is noted, these desired things will come to pass, in fact, they must.



Basket Ball Team

Ora MacAlhaney

Forward

"Mac"

Capt. Mac has made himself known as a fast plucky lad and has worked hard with the team in spite of the many difficulties that he had to meet. A forward, who has won honor for himself and the team through his hard efforts.



Willard Hirschy

Forward

"Hirschy"

Willard worked hard for his position on the varsity, and once on the regulars he proved himself a real scrapper, if not at all times



he scrapped like a doughboy at the right time. His team work and passes during the game did much in bringing the team to the high standard it attained this season.



Harold Reusser

Forward

"Rhody"

Rhody, the forward, that worked the floor to a tape line and a player who deserves respect from everyone for his hard efforts. He helped in a large measure to make the Berne team the fast machine it was.

Roland van der Smissen

Center

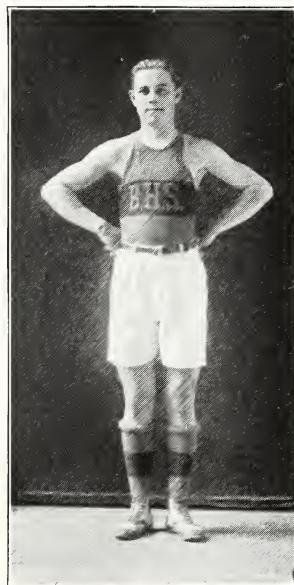
"Vandy"

Vandy owes much of his first-class playing and good goal shooting to his longitude. His eight-foot reach and his three-foot jump has piled up many a score and decided the game in favor of Berne. Vandy has the high honor of being the all star center of the Adams county team, which was chosen after the county tournament. The only fault we can find in Vandy, is that he is a Senior; but next year you will find him on a college team, playing just as hard as he always has.



Leonard Whitehurst
Center
"Whitey"

Whitey has a bright and promising future before him and for the next three years will gallantly carry the team through all bat-



ties and bring back the long end of the score for Berne. In the few games he played this year he has shown himself worthy of his letter.



Frank Kuntz
Guard
"Coke"

Coke was the fellow that deserved the honor and responsibility of his position. A genuine basket-ball player who works with the aim to win all the scores for Berne High. Always on time and plays with a cool head and quick action.

Wilda Rawley

Guard

"Wig"

Wig is our lower classman heavy-weight, not very tall, but lots of weight and speed, shows quick action on the floor and always holding his man down. A player who plays as though the score was at a critical point at all times.



Dennis Moser

Guard

"Denny"

Denny is the yellow peril of the team, it's all he can do to keep from running away with himself. A guard with more speed and endurance than a Ford, and capable of scaring a locomotive.

Directory

Name	Known As	Usually Found	Characteristics	Ambition	Will Be
Victor Bagley	"Bagley"	On the farm	Studying	Farmer	Scientific farmer
Esther Binz	"Kitty" or "Binzie"	With Agnes	Starting something	Enjoy life	Somebody's wife
Edna Braun	"Ed"	With a fellow (?)	Dignity	Nurse	Nurse
Beulah Buyer	"B"	With Lydia or (?)	Giggling	Be a whistler	Happily married
Marie Hiltz	"Sis"	Millinery store.	Bright ideas	Good student	B. H. S. principal
Willard Hirsch	"Hirschy"	West High street	Falling in love	Get married	Married man
Frank Kuntz	"Coke" or "Kuntzie"	Overland (alone)	Women hater	Graduate	Band instructor
Howard Liechty	"Howdy"	Assembly	Good fellow	Get a Nickel	Broke
Lydia Liechty	"Phyl"	Play practise	Quietness	Go to Decatur	At home
Ralph Martz	"Martzie"	You can't miss him	Waiting	Hobo	Nothing
Helen Nickel	"Noodles"	With Harold	Light hair	To lose Nickel	Artist
Harold Reusser	"Rhody" or "Crucial" Parsonage (Men.)	Feeding the chickens	Cutting up	Get to Canada	Artist's model
Surilda Riesen	"Soody"	Grocery	Teasing someone	Lose Paul	Suffragette
Florence Rohrer	"Flossie"	With a Junior	Chatting	Elocutionist	Society belle
Ruth Rohrer	"Losmer Palmer"	With another	Grinning	House wife	Single
Leota Sprunger	"Peroxide"	Office	Fighting	To be good	Better
Leslie Sprunger	"Less" or "Micy"	Choir practise	Experimenting	Ford destroyer	Mfr. of noiseless porch
Paul Sprunger	"Pauly"		Mocking Harold	Get big	Choir director [Swings]

Class Song

INTRODUCTION.

voice.

mp

mf

dim.

rall.

p *clav. voice*

a tempo

mf

dim.

dim e rall.

Class Song

After our four years are over,
After our toil and gain,
When the shadows begin to gather,
O'er the school days that come not again
After our earnest endeavors,
In the dear old Berne High:
With the calm and the peace of evening,
Comes the hush of the parting hour.

After our four years are over,
After their joys and tears,
When the mem'ry is ever turning,
With the thoughts of the bygone years,
Into a life of service,
Sweet as the fragrant flowers,
With the calm and the peace of evening,
Comes the hush of the parting hour.



Calendar

Sept. 9.—School opens.

Sept. 20.—Seniors initiate Freshmen.

Oct. 4.—Alumni high school game. (Fate decides for Alumni).

Oct. 7.—School closes on account of "flu" epidemic.

Oct. 7 to Nov. 4.—High school students enjoy vacation. Four additions to school.

Nov. 6.—Cards out. Everybody's doin' it. Doin' what? Flunking in mathematics.

Nov. 7.—High school parade in honor of peace. Kaiser is killed in streets. Berne basket ball game with Geneva.

Nov. 8.—"And they all cried 'Peace! Peace!' and there was no peace."

Nov. 10.—Howard Gilliom attends Dunkard church and arrives in time to help sing the Doxology and be thanked for his kind attendance and invited back for the whole service next Sunday.

Nov. 11.—Armistice signed. Red Cross nurses, farmerettes, etc., again appear.

Nov. 15.—Basket ball game with Monroe.

Nov. 16.—Ralph Cole and Leslie Sprunger see the sights of the neighboring metropolis—Geneva.

Nov. 18.—Vandy re-enters. Miss Norris is surprised.

Nov. 25.—Monroe schools closed for "flu."

Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving. Kaffir boys give concert.

Nov. 29.—Seniors start on classic, "Macbeth."

Dec. 2.—School opens under medical supervision.

Dec. 3.—Faculty makes out deportment grades. Several casualties, fifteen missing in action. (With "flu").

Dec. 5.—Teachers, better late than never, start taking the "flu."

Dec. 10.—Visit from health officer. No more school till further notice. Sugar factory at Decatur wants "men." Leslie and Ralph return from Decatur wounded and Hirschy with a dirty suit of clothes.

Dec. 10 to 26.—"Flu" vacation, Christmas, n' everything.

Dec. 26.—Started again, visitors scattered all over the building.

Dec. 27.—Juniors study typical love story in English class. The boys are too bashful to get into the discussion.

Dec. 31.—Senior class holds watch party.

Jan. 1.—Class of '18 visited B. H. S. en masse.

Jan. 2.—Les loses 2 cents in a gambling venture at "Monte Carlo."

Jan. 4.—"Saturday school" peat breaks out to make up for lost (?) time.

Jan. 5.—Skating epidemic begins.

Jan. 7.—Junior class party at Palmer's.

Jan. 8.—Wind from the west blew skates to the east (end of the pond).

Jan. 9.—Freshman party at Nelson's. Harold makes trip to Decatur.

Jan. 11.—Wiener roast at the ice pond.

Jan. 13.—School dismissed for David Bixler's (Alumni) funeral. Arenas entertain Alphas at the new Progress building.

Jan. 17.—Mr. Snyder is peeved.

Jan. 22.—Wig Rawley wears loud neckwear. Boys make aviation field out of assembly room.

Jan. 23.—Vandy reads serious apology.

Jan. 29.—Basket ball with Linn Grove.

Jan. 30 to 31.—Exams.

Feb. 3.—New semester starts.

Feb. 7.—Basket ball game with Monroe. Best game of season, 31 to 29 in favor of Berne. **ROTTEN EGGS !!!**

Feb. 8.—Seniors decided to put out an Annual.

Feb. 10.—Annual staff is chosen. High school attends Farmers' institute.

Feb. 14.—Basket ball game with Linn Grove at Geneva. Berne delegation is so large the floor wouldn't hold them.

Feb. 17.—Senior girls advise boys what to wear at commencement.

Feb. 18.—Beulah faints in domestic science class and Vandy meets the floor in English class.

Feb. 19.—Vandy decides his suit will be of latest style and the last and only one he will ever get. Wonder what he'll do when that one wears out.

Feb. 21.—Basket ball game with Rockford. Berne takes long end of score, 54 to 25.

Feb. 27.—Vandy entertains faculty. Miss Norris and Miss Sumption hear ghosts.

Feb. 28 to March 1.—County basket ball tournament at Decatur. Berne triumphs over Linn Grove in first game, but loses to Decatur in semi-finals.

Mar. 3.—Spark plug missing.

Mar. 5.—Girls wear boys' ties.

Mar. 7 and 8.—District tournament at Huntington. Berne plays Ft. Wayne 22-15.

Mar. 11.—Lecture by Tom Hendricks. "Some one" is held up by the cop. (No questions asked).

Mar. 17.—The Misses Basford and Norris go boat riding in a taxi.

Mar. 18.—Row boats and canoes put into service. Lots of **high water**.

Mar. 19.—Two Seniors and one Junior patiently wait in a fence corner two miles out in the cemetery.

Mar. 20.—Faculty rushes the spring season.

Mar. 21.—Les and Harold shine in their "ice cream" trousers during fire drill.

Mar. 27.—Les sits on pin in music class.

Mar. 28.—Beulah finds a mouse on her desk.

April 1.—April fool. (Did you get it?)

April 8. Expression class gives plays.

April 14. Trig. class spends two hours on their Trig. (books).

April 16.—Miss Basford shows her strength by pulling down the blinds.

April 23, 24 and 25.—Domestic science and manual training exhibit.

April 25.—Beulah suffers an attack of sleeping sickness in civics class.

April 29.—Promotion exercises of Eighth grade.

April 30.—Seniors hold intelligence test.

May 1.—Paul seems very pale, but a chamois skin is discovered in his pocket.

May 5.—Seniors busy rehearsing play.

May 10.—Senior class play.

May 11.—Les has smash-up in Decatur.

May 16.—Alpha-Arena picnic out of town. Baseball game. (The only sensational hit of the season.)

May 17.—Expression class gives play, "Daddy." Alumni Alpha-Arena contest postponed.

May 21.—Last exams for the year.

May 22.—Junior-Senior reception.

May 25.—Baccalaureate services.

May 26.—Class day exercises.

May 27.—Commencement.

May 30.—Automobile races at Indianapolis.





CLASS ROLL OF EIGHTH GRADE

BERNHARD LIECHTY FLORA FRANZ
CLARA SHOEMAKER TILLMAN BINLER
HELEN BURKHALTER JOHN MYERS
GENEVIEVE HIRSCHY WALTER SCHUG

CLEOTUS MILLER
MYRON HABEGGER
ROMAN MILLER

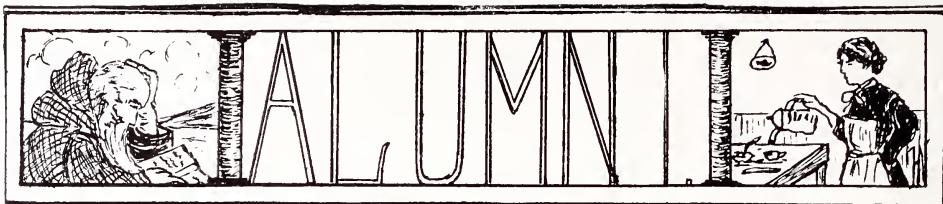
FLORENCE HILTY
GEORGE BINLER
LYLLIAN NICKEL

ARTHUR LAUGINBILL MYREN WULLMAN
OLIVE WINTEREGG DALE ELEY
THELMA MASON HERMAN DRO
MYRTLE BUYER IVAN SCHNECK



CLASS ROLL OF SEVENTH GRADE

NEWELL RICE
LILLIAN YODER
MILDRED MARTZ
EDNA v. d. SMISSEN
HILDA MOSER
HERBERT RAWLEY
GLADYS NEUENSCHWANDER
LESTER LEHMAN
JOYCE ELLENBERGER
ERMIN BLINER
PAUL LEHMAN
IRVIN LEHMAN
EARL LANTZ
PALMER SPRUNGER
LEONA KAUFFMAN
VELMA SPRUNGER
FOREST BRICKLEY
ELVA BAUMGARTNER
FLORENCE EMICK
BERNEICE EATON
GLENFORD LANTZ
CARL BAUMGARTNER
THEODORE HIRSCHY
LORES MICHAUD
CLINTON GILLION
GLADYS AMSTUTZ
MILDRED SPRUNGER
CLINTON BIERIE
AGNES SPRUNGER
ARVILLA LEHMAN
EMMA TUCKER
MILLARD MOSER
EVELYN LUIGNILL
FRANCES BURKHALTER
GOLDIE ELLENBERGER
WALTER NAGEL
RALPH SCHINDLER



Two hundred twenty-two they number in all—those who have patiently waded through their laborious years in the Berne high school and who, at the end, have triumphantly entered the stage of life each with his hard-earned Croix de Guerre, a simple sheepskin, done up in tissue paper and pink ribbon! But their diplomas are only scraps of paper. It is the wisdom gained in the four years that is of value. For among these honored folks, are there not those who have mastered the art of seeming to know, but knowing not, or of calculating with geometric precision the exact time it would take a small object to travel the said distance to the said point? On the other hand, there are those, perhaps a minority, who struggled long and diligently with irregular conjugations or the theory of limits or the study of refraction of light, who never indulged in the worldly pleasures of the various means of signal service, or in marring their souls by ascending the stairs precipitately or filling the o's in their textbooks. But it is the very fact that all types are represented in this society—good and bad, weak and strong, wise and foolish,—that gives it the throbbing pulse of humanity, that makes it a real brotherhood.

The organization includes people of many and varied callings. Fifty-nine are in the business world, thirty-three in the teaching profession, forty-eight are doing domestic work, twenty-one are students, nine are in government service of some kind, three are doctors, four nurses, one dietician, thirteen farmers, four missionaries and six ministers (or preparing to be). Likewise it is very cosmopolitan, for within recent years members could be found in India, China, Canada, France, and in many states of the union. Only two have passed out of the majority; but the memory of both is sacred to all who knew them and their heroic spirit lingers with us and intensifies the deeper meaning of life.

Now it is up to us—we who are united by these common memories and this bond of brotherhood, not only to perpetuate the life of our society, but also in a practical way, to do our utmost for the school from which we graduated. In this way only can each new addition to our society add to its wealth of ability and its spirit of achievement. —E. N., '15.

OFFICERS:

President—E. J. Schug, '15.
Vice-Pres.—Hulda Gilliom, '11.
Secretary—G. W. Sprunger, '11.
Treasurer—E. H. Sprunger, '11.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Elma Neaderhauser, '14.
Mrs. Chester Michaud, '16.
Dr. Rufus von Gunten, '10.

The names of the alumni including class '16 may be found in the 1916 "Annual." The following are the names of the alumni after 1916:

CLASS 1917

Mr. Beck, Supt. Miss Beck, Prin.
Instructors: Mr. Morrison, Miss Kennel, Miss Prang.

Agnes Atz	Carl Amstutz	Paul Kattman
Ruth Bockman	Ira Baumgartner	Austin Lehman
Lorine Habegger	Gerhard Franz	Menno Lehman
Naomi Martz	Clifton Gilliom	Homer Sipe
Wilma Rawley	Elmer Gilliom	Clarence Sprunger
Arveda Rumple	Amos Habegger	Edison Sprunger
Agnes Schenk	Irvin Hirsch	Ira Stucky
Velma Schug	Tillman Hirsch	Andrew Cook

CLASS 1918

Mr. Beck, Supt. Miss Basford, Prin.
Instructors: Mr. Sprunger, Miss Bergdoll, Mr. Marshall.

Edna Burkhalter	Alieda Sprunger	Edward Liechty
Selma Burkhalter	Augusta Sprunger	Paul Luginbill
Irlene Franz	Elizabeth van der Smissen	Russel Merriman
Sulicia Hofstetter	Willis Baumgartner	Howard Sprunger
Frieda Lehman	Ernest Cook	Eugene Wechter
Helen Reusser	Walter Gilliom	Franklin Lehman

CLASS 1919

Mr. Beck, Supt. Miss Basford, Prin.
Instructors: Miss Norris, Miss Sumption, Mr. Snyder.

Esther Binz	Florence Rohrer	Howard Liechty
Edna Braun	Ruth Rohrer	Ralph Martz
Beulah Buyer	Leota Sprunger	Harold Reusser
Marie Hilty	Victor Bagley	Leslie Sprunger
Lydia Liechty	Willard Hirsch	Paul Sprunger
Helen Nickel	Roland van der Smissen	
Surilda Riesen	Frank Kuntz	



BERNE SCHOOL BUILDING



DANIEL WINTEREGG
Janitor



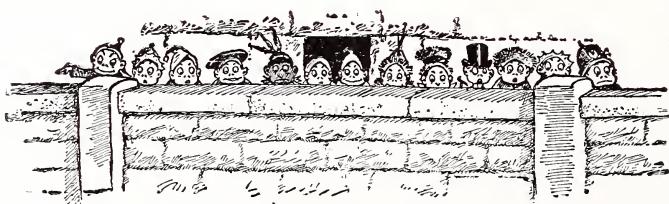
MRS. MARY BAUMGARTNER
Primary Teacher of the Berne Schools for Twenty-five Years.



FRANK MILLER
In Service



In its endeavor to put out an Annual, the Vim staff has tried its best to cater to the desires of the public. You have now read what we had to say, now please read what the business men of our town and all the advertisers in this Annual have to tell you. The staff wishes especially to thank the business men for their support which they gave us in getting out this Annual.



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Make This Bank Your Executor or Administrator
4 per cent. Interest on Deposits



Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$1.00 Up.

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Rear of Berne Meat Market.

Highest Prices paid for Poultry and Eggs at all times.

C. J. BRAUN, Mgr.

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BUDGET

Published Monthly

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for

Good Eats - Fruits - Confectionary
Candies - Ice Cream - Cigars and Tobaccos
U ARE WELCOME

Berne, Indiana

Phone 115

The more interest that is taken by its patrons in the Berne High School just that more efficient it will be.

Every BOOSTER that we get will help us to give better service.

Think this over.

Berne Milling Co.

Conklin's *Self-Filling* **Fountain Pen**

RIGHT TO THE POINT

Take the filling device, for instance. It has marked individuality—that “Crescent-Filler”. It is the simplest, strongest and most positive of all. And it prevents the pen from rolling off the desk, too.

But the CONKLIN'S superiority isn't all centered in its famous “Crescent-Filler”,—not by a long shot! Writing efficiency is a cardinal virtue of the CONKLIN.

It writes with a smoothness and ease that will simply delight you. No scratching nor sputtering — it never “stubs its toe”. It's the pen of certainty.

The CONKLIN has every style of point—did you know that? You can get your particular kind of point—just the way you write.

BOOK STORE
Berne, Indiana

J. A. Michaud

Live Stock and General Auctioneer.

Twenty Years' Experience.

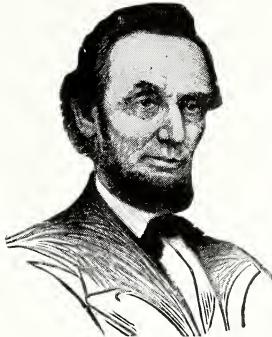
Dealer in **SECOND HAND FURNITURE**

(Located in old Cottage Hotel Bldg.)

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Shall I insure?

Where?



A few years ago, a Senior of the B. H. S. asked this question, then acted accordingly. His Lincoln Life policy was to be the basis of his future education, but—

DAVID D. BIXLER, '16.

Berne, Ind., January 25, 1919.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

As administrator of the estate of David D. Bixler, who died at Camp Taylor a short time ago, I wish to express my appreciation for the check of \$1,000 in full payment of Policy No. 23074.

Thanking both the Lincoln Life and their agent, O. F. Gilliom, for their prompt attention to this, I remain,
Yours respectfully,

(Signed) C. A. NEUENSCHWANDER,
Administrator.

HINTS FOR AFTER GRADUATION

Lincoln Life for you—

Because

Your School Board, Faculty, and many members of the H. S. have chosen right. FOLLOW GOOD ADVICE.

Lincoln Life means service. A home company giving you better privileges for less money than elsewhere. BE WISE.

You have been taught to always look to the top. Last year of 78 companies that wrote business in Indiana LINCOLN LIFE lead them all. **BE A LEADER**

The Lincoln Life offers you a system whereby for a small deposit each year you may acquire a large estate with your savings. BE A FINANCIER

The Lincoln Life, like the great Emancipator whose name it bears, offers protection to you and yours in that not far-distant, sweet by-and-by. **CHOOSE THE RIGHT PARTNER.**

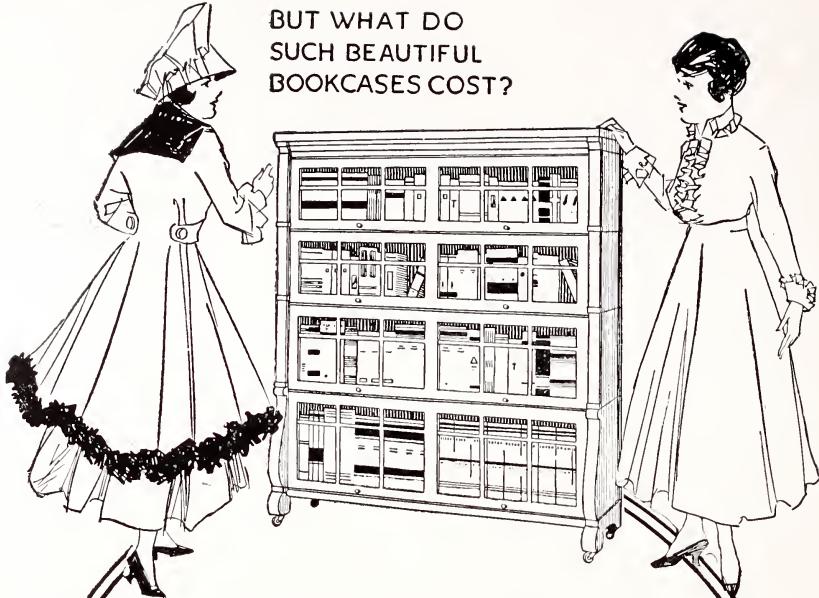
The Lincoln Life challenges you from two angles — your past and your future. Since the past of the Lincoln Life possesses an enviable record, like your own, may it challenge you in the future TO BE A WINNER.

The Lincoln Life offers its fellowship and good wishes now and to all who have read our contributions from time to time in the H. S. editions, for to be with Lincoln Life is TO BE A SUCCESS.

References.

O. F. GILLIOM Phone 257. G. W. SPRUNGER

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SUCH BEAUTIFUL
BOOKCASES COST?



"THAT DEPENDS upon how many sections you require. This is the Colonial Case in solid mahogany. You see it has four book sections with top and base sections."

"YOU DID think it was a solid bookcase? I'm not surprised for they certainly look it."

"WELL, you may purchase as many sections as you like of a

GUNN Sectional Bookcase

and buy according to your means. One section only, if you like."

"YES, the doors surely work smoothly—they are roller bearing and no dust can penetrate. And they are removable, so you can clean the glass on both sides without disturbing the books."

"GUARANTEED GUNN CONSTRUCTION and we also guarantee Gunn Sectional Bookcases for we know good furniture."

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PIANOS, PLAYER-PIANOS, GRAND & UPRIGHT

Instruments that will maintain an excellence of tone and
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THE NEW EDISON PHONOGRAPH & RECORDS

First in Tone and Durability, Diamond Point Reproducers.

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE

Variety of Sheet Music. String Instruments,
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192

Bierie & Yager

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Columbia Grafonolos and Double-Disc Records

YOU PAY LESS HERE

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*Photographic Work of Every
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GIVEN PROMPT AND
PROPER ATTENTION

A Greater Tri-State

Tri-State College did not materially suffer from the effects of the war. Its present attendance is more than gratifying.

It especially invites young men and women who expect to teach, to attend its Normal Courses. Recent legislation will be of much benefit to Tri-State College in its Teachers' Training work.

Its Engineering Courses are more largely attended than ever. Leading engineering authorities have approved its efficiency in making successful engineers in two years' time.

Write to the President,
TRI-STATE COLLEGE,
Angola, Ind.

Life's Compensation

ATTITUDE and ALTITUDE

may be part of the solution of the Public School. But for a partial solution, at least, of the Bread and Butter Question we recommend

The Fair Store

THE BERNE LUMBER CO.

Dealers in

LUMBER, BUILDERS' HARDWARE and COAL

Quality and Service our Motto

TRY US

Berne Drygoods Co.

Berne, Ind.

Dealers in General Merchandise

A Home Store for Home People

**STENGEL & CRAIG
DRUG COMPANY**

**Where you get what you want
at the right price.**

CENTRAL GROCERY

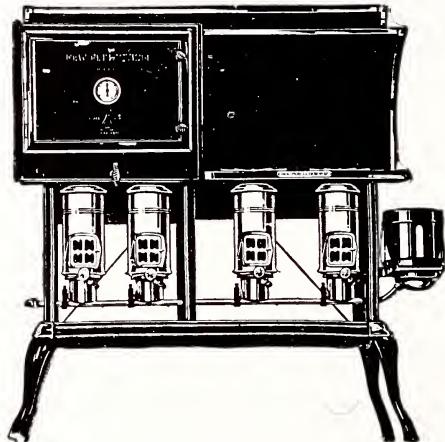
Quality Groceries - Candies & Fruit

O. Smith, Prop.

Gilliom Lumber Co.

Cedar posts and lumber.

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"I can heartily recommend the Perfection Oil Stove for family use and for school use as it has been the most satisfactory oil stove I have tried during my teaching experience. I found that most of them wasted oil, smoked and wasted time in generating. From the trial this year I am sure the Perfection Oil Stove has proved a success in every way.

“Rheba F. Norris,

"Instructor of Domestic Science, B. H. S."

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Berne Hardware Co.

Froze in Berne Who?

THE BERNE ICE CREAM

The most economical Dessert. It makes an ideal
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It is wholesome
It saves meat
It saves wheat
It is cooling
It is refreshing
Good for young and old
Eat Ice Cream yourself
And let your children have it every day
Try it and you are convinced

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For all kinds of every-day articles
Nuts and Candy a specialty

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Favorite Brand

MANUFACTURERS OF OVERALLS, SHIRTS,
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Ready-made suits are alright, but they are perhaps not quite as satisfactory as clothes that have been made strictly to your individual measure. Made-to-order clothes reflect your individuality so much more.

We have the agency for two of the very best tailoring houses in the world—Hart, Schaffner & Marx and J. L. Taylor & Co. You can't go wrong by having your next suit made by either of these firms.

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All goods selected with care and warranted as represented

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Say!

Have you a copy of the book "Saloon Fight at Berne"? Worth more now than ever, because it accomplished the purpose for which it was written. It's real history; yet it is such dramatic, thrilling history, and told in such a straightforward, convincing style, that if you once start to read it, you will be unable to lay it down till you have finished.

This book has brought us more new business from other towns and cities in this and other states than we could have ever hoped to get through any other kind of advertisement.

The fourth edition, containing twelve illustrations, sells at the old price, 50 cents per copy.

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More than
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A superior training assures a worth-while position—Let others
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Below are the names of a few persons in Northeast-
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The judgment of these people is proven by the success they
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R. C. McGuffey, Pres. of Markle Farmers' & Merchants' Bank
T. W. Baker, Pres. Farmers' State Bank, Chattanooga, Ohio
E. W. Jouse, State Senator, Huntington
Fonner Stock Farm, two silos, Decatur, Indiana
W. A. Kunkle, four silos, Bluffton, Indiana
St. Mary's Novitiate, two silos, Burkettsville, Ohio
Methodist Memorial Home, Warren, Indiana

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**Vapor,
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For the best of Service call at the

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FLOUR, FEED and COAL
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Have to Sell.

Call Phone No. 26 for Prices.

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When in need of anything in the line of Insurance,
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service I can give you in the way of good honest insur-
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I write all kinds of insurance.

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WHEN you want to make a gift—
WHEN you want an article of high-class jewelry—
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And when your Watches or Jewelry need repairing—
The best place to get this is from your Alumni
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HOLSTEIN FRIESSIEN HERD SIRE**

Born Nov. 3, 1917.

Eleven nearest dams, average 28 lbs. butter in seven days.

His blood lines trace back to such remarkable sires as King Segis Pontiac Alcortra with 59 A. R. O. Daughters; Rag Apple Korndyke 8th with 24 A. R. O. Daughters; King Segis with 87 A. R. O. Daughters and King of the Pontiacs with 234 A. R. O. Daughters.

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Young Stock for sale at all times.

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My Prices are right.
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FRESH GROCERIES, CANDY, ICE CREAM
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Strive to Excell!

In the world's broad field of battle

In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!

Be a HERO in the strife!

—Longfellow

Let your efforts reflect your high ideals; strive to excell—the business world in this 20th century is in dire need of young men and young women who CAN and WILL rise to the top of the Ladder of Success and Achievement. . . . 'Tis only the bottom of this ladder that is crowded, at the top there is room for all who will persevere.

A PEOPLES LIFE POLICY — an investment and a protection all in one, is not only just a "good thing" to have, but is a very necessary requisite of one who would succeed.

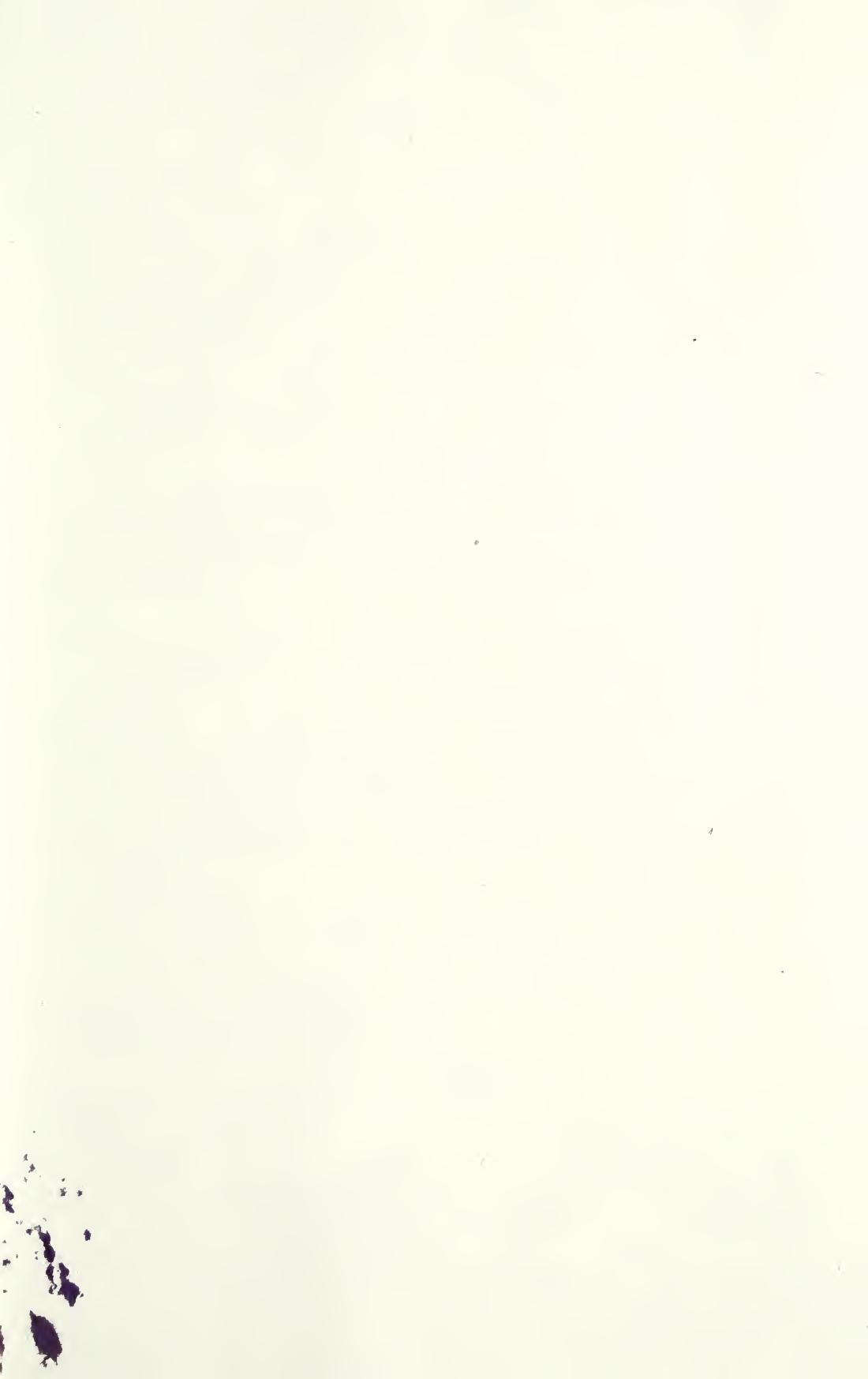
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